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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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ALASKA—IV.

A Summer Tour to the Wonderland of the North.

BY REV. H. V. ROMINGER.

As we leave Fort Wrangel, and go northward, the grander the scenery becomes, the higher and more rugged grow the mountains, the whiter the caps of snow, the denser the surrounding forests, and the more numerous the streams which leap from the lips of the crags; peaks are piled upon peaks in most tumultuous forms; serrated and sharp, like the edges of a saw, they cut the upper air; black ravines and dazzling patches of snow alternate; scars seam the entire sides of lofty mountains, where the spring avalanches have scathed them of every vestige of soil and vegetation; bare poles stick out on the mountains, the remnant of dead trees, which decay when reaching a certain size for lack of soil on the steep inclines, and others take their place.

In the afternoon we passed through Wrangel Narrows, amid gorgeous scenery of snow-clad mountains, and gigantic glaciers pushing themselves down through the ravines and dropping their icebergs into the water. The floating ice-cakes gave notice of our approach to the glacier region. On our right loomed up the great Patterson Glacier, put down as 1,000 feet high. It was greeted with shouts of admiration and wonder. Although fifteen miles away, the long stretches of glacial mud and dirt could be seen on its face, alternating with snow and ice. The whole, as touched by the light of the afternoon sun, was a frozen lake of Wonderland, shimmering with silvery lights and throwing off its torrential cascades. Here all went to discussing glaciers, and all the science on board was called into service to explain their phenomena.

If there were no other wonderful places in Alaska, the scenic grandeur of Wrangel Narrows alone would give it world-wide fame, and make its fortune in the coming centuries, when tourists and yachts will crowd these waters, and summer villas look out from the romantic islands.

In the evening, as it was the Sabbath, and we desired to hallow the memories of the day in these far-off Alaska waters, divine service was held in the large dining-room of the steamer, conducted by a Catholic clergyman, which everybody attended. As a majority of the passengers were Protestants, it would have seemed no more than proper that on the following Sabbath they should have conducted the service; but we found, when the day arrived, that our Catholic friends had already engaged the room, and avowed their intention of not attending in case a Protestant should have the service. Thus, amid the infinite beauty and harmony of nature, we were painfully reminded of the ugliness and littleness of human nature.

On Monday morning, August 6th, our steamer was at the wharf at Juneau. The town stretches along the beach and over rising ground at the base of beetling cliffs, 3,500 feet high, on which snow lies, and down whose sides leap foaming cascades like long silver ribbons. It has about 1,500 white inhabitants, a number of stores, barber-shop, two drug stores, jeweler's shop, blacksmith shop, brewery, newspaper, postoffice, fire company, butcher's shop, vegetable market and a brass band. There are also a number of nice dwellings, a nice public school building, a Presbyterian church for whites, one for Indians and a school for Indian children, a Catholic chapel and school for girls. Juneau is named after Joe Juneau, who came from Sitka in 1880 with one Harris, discovered gold and occupied the present site of the town named after himself. I had quite an interview with the original town-site proprietor, as he was sitting on a log in front of his cabin, in which he lives alone at present, without any financial resources.

On the street was a milk-cart, delivering milk from a neighboring ranch at \$1.00 a gallon, and in the vegetable market you can see some fine turnips, cabbages, lettuce, and potatoes, grown in the gardens; but the chief objects of interest for the tourist are the curio-shops and the Indians, who offer for sale baskets, miniature totem-poles, and Chilcat blankets. The latter are woven by hand from the long fleece of the mountain sheep, with totemic figures in colors of black, white and yellow—very beautiful. The blankets are fine trophies for the curio-hunters, and sell readily for from \$25 to \$50. The Indian women on the street frequently have blackened faces, and wear a most melancholy and sad expression. Different reasons are given for this face-blackening: (1) When fishing on the water as a preventative against glare; (2) merely as show and ornament, as some civilized ladies paint; (3) as a sign of mourning; (4) as a sign of anger; (5) as a concealment of old age on the part of ladies.

Across the bay from Juneau, a mile

away, is the great Treadwell gold mine—the richest in the world. It is situated on Douglas Island, which was discovered and explored by Vancouver ninety years ago. This island is a vast deposit of minerals, with a dozen or more mines already located. The Treadwell mill has 240 stamps—said to be the largest number employed by any mill in the world. These crush the ore into dust, which is washed out on plates covered with quicksilver, which collect 75 per cent. of the gold. The remainder is detached by separators, and collected in the form of sulphurets. These are treated to a chemical process by roasting and chlorine gas, and the precious metal obtained in the form of chloride of gold. This mine is reported to yield \$150,000 per month, paying 100 per cent. per month on the stock, and is owned by the Alaska Mill and Mining Co. of San Francisco. The vein is 400 feet wide, cropping out on the surface. The ore in sight is worth five times as much as the price paid for Alaska, and cannot be exhausted in a century. The Bear Ledge immediately adjoining the Treadwell was sold this summer for two and a quarter million dollars. The ore is low grade, averaging \$8.50 per ton free gold, and five per cent. sulphurets, with an assay value of \$100 per ton; but the ore is so easily mined that the profits are enormous. The mill and mine are at work day and night, and know no Sundays. The wages paid Indians are \$60 per month, and white men receive \$2 per day and are boarded in addition by the Company. There are immense mineral resources on Douglas Island and in the vicinity, and a large city will, probably, spring up here in the near future.

FROM THE HIGH SEAS.

STEAMSHIP ALAMEDA, Lat. 6 deg. 56 min. S., Long. 167 deg. 13 min. W., Dec. 1, 1888.

DEAR PACIFIC: The *Alameda* carried the first news to Honolulu of the election, and at daylight of Sunday morning, November 25th, we were within three miles of Honolulu, with our flag signals displaying the name of Harrison; and at 7:30, when we reached the wharf, nearly five hundred people were there waving their hats and handkerchiefs, the Royal band of thirty-two pieces standing under a large American flag playing the "Star Spangled Banner," and other American and Hawaiian airs, and the Spaulding Base Ball Club were cordially received by several of the nobility. During Saturday night was said on the ship about the Club playing ball at Honolulu on Sunday, but a few said that they would not. It had been previously advertised that the American team would play at Honolulu on Saturday the 24th, and hundreds had come to the city to see the game, but the delay of the *Alameda* prevented it, yet I have no doubt but hundreds would have gladly gone to see the game on Sunday. After the formal reception Mr. Spaulding asked if he could play his match game Sunday afternoon. A special meeting of the officials was called. His Excellency L. A. Thurston, Minister of the Interior (although an ungodly man), said that it was against the law of the land, and would not give his consent, but he would have no voice in the decision; and His Excellency C. W. Ashford, Attorney General, said he thought it not against the law, and that the game might be played. It was finally decided that, by paying a fine, the game could be played; but Mr. Spaulding said, as it was against the law to play on the Sabbath, he would not violate the law. Mr. Walker, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., said that Mr. Spaulding and his club would be thought much more of by the people of New Zealand and Australia for the principle he displayed in not exhibiting his game on the Sabbath day. May the Christians of the United States work more earnestly and prayerfully, until we, too, shall have a law that prohibits ball playing, racing, and prize fighting on God's holy day!

M.
EDITORS PACIFIC: Rev. Dr. Barrows addressed the State Teachers' Association, now convened in the Assembly Chamber in this city, last evening. Although the streets were in an unfavorable condition, owing to the late storm, and the weather was rather threatening, the Doctor was greeted with a large and one of the most appreciative audiences ever gathered at the State capital, including most of the leading representative educators of our Coast. The subject of his address was "A Criticism of Our Public School System from a Moralistic Standpoint." It was considered by many of our ablest teachers, who are familiar with the history of our State and County Institutes, to be one of the most practical, exhaustive and masterly criticisms ever presented before them. As the address is not given in our city papers, it would well repay many readers if they had the privilege of seeing it in THE PACIFIC.
W. N. T.
Sacramento, December 28th.

BREEZES BLOWN FROM BOSTON.

Boston has set an example which other cities might well emulate. The result of the election held this week was not simply a triumph of Republicans over Democrats, but the triumph of American principles over foreign dictation; the triumph of free speech and free schools over attempted muzzling of both. It was not a partisan fight, alone; it was the uprising of the honest, God-fearing, law-upholding citizens; the men and women who believe in unrestricted education and independent thought and action, against the domination of a set of men who take their orders from an Italian Pope.

For three successive terms Hugh O'Brien, an Irish Roman Catholic, had been elected Mayor of Boston. A year ago there were seven Democrats in the Board of Aldermen, six of whom were Irish Roman Catholics; two-thirds of the Council were of the same persuasion. Very quietly, but very steadily, the work of getting control of the public school board had progressed, until they felt sufficiently secure of their position to "show their hand." At the dictation of Roman Catholics a text-book was expelled from use for no reason save that some of the historical facts it contained were uncomplimentary to their Church. When protests were made by Protestant citizens their tempers were disturbed, and, after the manner of most mad people, they neglected to bridle their tongues, in consequence of which the true animus of their party was exposed. It seemed a small matter—the throwing out of a text-book—but it was to the people the "straw which indicated the way the wind was blowing." Public meetings were held, discussions on both sides were frequent, and not always discreet or charitable. Recognizing they had moved too early in the matter, the Catholic clergy attempted by sophistries and subterfuge to undo the harm, and allay the agitation, which they feared would result in their defeat at the polls. But they had already gone too far. No one objected to their obeying the Pope's edict which compelled Catholics to send their children to parochial schools; but there were most serious objections to their dictation as to what the children remaining in the public schools should be taught. When they openly and emphatically insisted that the public school moneys should be divided between public and parochial schools, they manifested great confidence in their political strength, but showed little sagacity. When they threw down the gauntlet they aroused one element which had not entered into their calculations. The law granting to women the right to vote on school questions at municipal elections had been for two years on the statute books, but so few had availed themselves of the privilege it was almost a dead letter; but this year there was work to be done. When the public schools were attacked the mothers felt the blow. When a zealous but indiscreet Catholic said: "We do not desire to close the public schools, but we do propose to place them in charge of Catholic teachers," he built a little fire which ran from heart to heart as the flames leap from tuft to tuft of the dry grasses of the boundless prairies. The danger flag was hoisted, and loyal women were unwilling to leave the battle to the men alone. Under their management already the guns were being spiked, the very foundation stones threatened. Ring rule controlled everything. Foreign domination was felt through every pulse of the city's government. Only upon one subject could they express their opinions by ballot, but they were ready to do that with an emphasis not anticipated.

When the registration books closed last month, there had been enrolled the names of 20,216 women. Election day came. It was just such a day as Democrats have considered made, especially for their benefit ever since I was big enough to know what election day meant. The rain poured down without ceasing, and the east wind blew Boston fashion, from daylight until long after midnight. Pat and Mike—and O'Brien too, for that matter—rubbed their hands in glee, for "faithful" the women'll not run the risk of spillin' all their foine fixins this day, at all, at all," was their verdict, and so easy a walk-over was expected that they half wished O'Brien, His Honor—the Mayor I mean—had not taken the trouble to pardon out ninety-two convicts only the day before. To be sure, things had looked dubious then, and putting these criminals where they could work for their friends seemed eminently proper, so long as they were needed.

But the rains did not seem to damage the ardor of the new element in elections. The women detailed by their committees to work at the polling places were on hand betimes, and stayed at their posts without flinching. Better than that, with all their inexperience, they were able to cope with and circumvent the numerous tricks which wily politicians had planned

to trap their feet. There were bogus tickets so nearly right that only keen eyes could detect them—a misspelled word, one wrong name, a letter left off—but which would have been thrown out in the counting up; every conceivable method was tried to destroy the effect of their vote, but without success. Nor are there any reports of insult or disturbance of any kind. Women were subjected to no more annoyance than they meet in any crowd—at the entrance to concert, theater or on the street—yet, fully 19,000 women voted in Boston town that memorable day. It has been asserted that "the good women would be outvoted by the bad," but it was not so proven. The wards in which women cast their fullest votes are where the leading families of the city have their homes. In one such ward every woman that was registered voted.

During the agitation of the subject, previous to election, the priests were emphatic in their insistence that all the women of their Church must register and vote, and, in cases where the fifty cents poll tax would be a burden, it was to be paid for them; but a foreign-born woman, unless married to an American-born man, cannot vote until she has been naturalized; so the masses of that faith were cut off. Just how marrying an American-born man brings about the business of naturalization is more than I can explain, and, to my mind, that is a palpable weakness in the law. If no foreign-born individual were permitted to vote until he or she has resided in this country twenty-one years we should not slip our necks into the yokes prepared by foreign manipulation quite so easily. It might appear to work hardship in isolated cases, but if "the greatest good to the greatest number" is our desire, there is no question as to the result. A foreigner has everything to learn, and very much to unlearn, before he can attain to a just comprehension of the rights and duties of an American citizen. The American boy and girl begins that lesson along with the primer, yet the boy must wait until he is twenty-one years of age, and the girl—perhaps, forever.

Whether the result of last Tuesday's work will help the woman suffrage cause, as many predict, remains to be seen. The good work done by them is recognized and appreciated. With their help the edict has gone forth that there must be no sectarian meddling with the public schools of Boston. If they will push on and insist upon a system of training in these schools which shall give to the State what it has a right to demand—moral, patriotic citizens—they will reap in results something more priceless than jewels.
LIDA DELANO CRANE.
Boston, Nov. 14, 1888.

LETTER FROM BROOKLYN.

The rapid growth of Brooklyn is attracting wide attention. The effects of the completion of the great bridge, and now of several lines of railroad, with more to follow, are showing themselves on an increase of population and wealth that is marvelous. It is growing faster relatively than New York, therefore faster than Philadelphia, whose second place in the list of cities Brooklyn is expected in no long time to take. Within the next decade, at least, the limits of the city will comprise the whole of Kings county and run beyond it to embrace the growing suburbs of Newtown, Flushing and Jamaica which, although in Queens county, are already on the range of the Long Island metropolis.

The south shore of Long Island, having an outlook upon the sea, has at last found appreciation in the eyes of people of refinement and wealth, and throughout the whole length the sites that command picturesque views have within a few years been occupied by beautiful villas. Some of these are summer homes of city residents, but many are tenanted permanently through the year, the facilities of communication by the Long Island railroad having very considerably improved. This increase of rural population of an intelligent and cultivated class has prepared the way for the establishment of many vigorous churches, and the diocese of Long Island numbers now in its remote country towns some of its most beautiful church edifices and active parishes.

Within the writer's recollection, the people of this city were accustomed to go to New York for the purchase of everything but the cheapest wares. Now it is a fact that many carriages cross, by the East river bridge, to visit Brooklyn's great stores, where are displayed, in buildings that excel any in New York, an array of fabrics of all kinds that represent the richest importations from abroad, as well as the choicest domestic manufactures.

With all this advance in material good, there has not been a corresponding movement in the direction of intellectual and spiritual life in the city itself. Once known as the city of churches par

eminence, it is now inadequately supplied. Still the condition is not so bad as is sometimes represented, for the heavy burden of debt has been in a great many cases removed, and many congregations are replacing their first transient structures with substantial buildings. Notably, the Church of the Messiah has done this by refashioning its edifice into a noble temple of worship; the Church of the Reformation has replaced its frame building with one of brick and stone; St. Mark's is erecting a new church, which, with its completed chapel, will provide two handsome buildings; and St. Luke's is putting up a chapel and church of elegant cut stone, which will have both solidity and beauty of design. St. George's, also, and Trinity, East New York, now a part of the city, have new and durable houses of worship. There have, besides, been some vigorous parishes recently organized, among them St. Bartholomew's on Pacific street, and the Church of the Holy Spirit, corner of Eighteenth avenue and Eighty-sixth street, of which your correspondent is rector. Although not informed, I presume there has been similar vitality shown among the Congregational, Presbyterian and other denominations.

In promotion of her literary life Brooklyn has several clubs and associations, some libraries, of which the most important are the Long Island Historical and the Brooklyn, and one rather second-class art association. There is here no circle of distinctively literary people, as in Boston, and one or two other noted cities. Taking up the long list of eminent contributors to that best of monthly magazines—the *Atlantic*—I have been surprised to find scarcely a single one owning this city of homes for his or her place of residence. Probably a cause may be in the fact that no publishing is done here. Does not the location of a great publishing house of the character of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., become in itself an attractive center of literary life? What an influence in the direction of good taste and literary finish the *Atlantic Monthly* has exerted! Not relying on pictures but on genius, it has been an education in English. Enshrining much of the best work which our brightest writers have put forth, it has reflected the American mind, and won world wide respect for the quality of our native talent. There is a flavor about it we find nowhere else; it has given fame to many who later have repaid the debt by the luster which their genius has cast upon its pages.

Well, Brooklyn has no *Atlantic Monthly* except at its book stalls, and in its homes, and so Brooklyn, with all its pleasant features, is not Boston. What may come in the future it is too soon to say, but some think when the city has crowded up close to the Cathedral town of Garden City, and that quarter, with its religious, and educational appliances, has become an American Oxford, we shall have culture of the very best, devout, earnest and intellectual, that will make this seat of letters not excelled by any in the land.

ROBT. BAYARD SNOWDEN.

81 St. Mark's Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., December 12, 1888.

NOTES FROM EAST WASHINGTON.

EDITORS PACIFIC: I append some items from our part of the country:

Rev. D. Wirt enjoys his location at Medical Lake, W. T. Six united with his church there, last communion. The railroad from Spokane Falls and Cheney are pushing right through Medical Lake for the Big Bend country. Mr. Wirt preaches but one Sabbath in the month at Medical Lake now, the other Sabbaths supplying at Deep Creek Falls, Marshall and Mondavia, adjacent towns.

Dr. Barrett writes hopefully of the Hood River church. The death of one of their best young men, while hunting with a companion, has given them all deep grief, but they are praying that the lesson may be good for the community and church in the end. The Doctor has just been put to some extra work and expense, as unusual as they seem unnecessary, in having all the minutes of the General Association sent to him, which were intended for the churches of the Mid-Columbia Association. As usual, however, with the Doctor, he is doing even this work of supererogation with patience and will.

At Pendleton the Sabbath-school held exercises on Christmas Eve, of a delightful and useful nature. Instead of a large tree, were a large arch of evergreen, and within it, slightly in the background, a smaller tree hung with presents and decorations. About 150 were out.

We are glad to see the name of Prof. W. D. Lyman among those of the faculty of Whitman College.

December 26, 1888.
*The *American Arbitrator*, published in the interest of the Universal Peace Union, sends out an issue of 251,000 copies for December.

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All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace E. Goodhue, Treasurer, Y. L. B. W. B., 1722 Geary street, S. F.

LETTER FROM MRS. BALDWIN.

TURKEY.

BROUSSA, Turkey, Oct. 17th.

Dear Mrs. Jewett: Since coming to this house I have had more than sixty calls, and I have begun to visit quite systematically among the sisters. September 15th my husband was off on his first tour to Yenije, and on his return, we started off together to Soloz. The carriage road is completed far enough to be used, so that I made the journey far more comfortably than in days past, going all the way in a carriage, and it took us about all day. We took with us the "baby organ," which a Sunday-school in America has given for the use of the station. It came well we were away. We found it very useful, indeed, in helping to give some singing lessons, drilling them on new hymn tunes, and straightening out old ones, as well as being an attraction to the Sabbath service in the church, which was full. At the communion service one young woman was received into the Church and five babies were baptized. While in Soloz the preacher's wife and I visited all the Protestant families, and wherever it was possible, we had reading and prayer with them. The men were off at their work, and women and children were at home. The women in this village do not work much in the fields, for the main dependence here is the silk-worm business and the olive crop. Since coming home from there Mr. Baldwin has been away twice; in fact, is away at this time of writing, for winter will soon be here, and, if possible, we want to get a glimpse of all our outstations before traveling is too uncomfortable.

School seems to be going on nicely. Till within a few days the weather has been so hot, and the streets in such a filthy condition, that I have not been able to visit it as often as I wished. We are now beginning to have rain, and I hope soon to go more or less regularly. Teachers and pupils all give me such a hearty welcome that when I am there I always feel that I shall go again very soon. Miss Wells spent her vacation in Marsovan, working away at Armenian. School began September 13th, with Miss Cull and the native teachers, as Miss Wells was not able to reach here till the 25th. I think the number of boarding pupils is 14, and there are some new day scholars. Four from one family have not returned for financial reasons. One morning, not long ago, I spent at school, going from class to class, and listening to each. Miss Erasmia and Miss Rebecca are in their respective places as Greek and Armenian assistant teachers, and are doing well. All the love and labor bestowed on them, together with their natural gifts, is telling now in what they are doing for others. I wish we knew that all those who have gone from us are doing as well. This fall two more of our girls have found places as teachers. One evening last week we had a very interesting service in our church here. Our Armenian teacher had his two children baptized. Generally, this rite is performed on Sunday; but, as the custom is to turn the Sabbath into a day of visiting, he concluded to have it on Thursday evening. The children are both pretty, and behaved very sweetly. The mother is the daughter of one of the girls that used to be in the school in Manissa when Miss Cull and I were there. The baby was named Matilda for me; so, you see, the affair had a good deal of special interest for us. The girls were invited to take a part in the exercises, and they sang a very sweet English hymn, Rebecca (the children's aunt) playing the organ for them. After church, we all went to the house, where we had an opportunity to see the Armenian friends; were treated to refreshments; and had a pleasant, social time. Miss Wells and two of the girls came home with me for the night. Next morning Mr. Nigohossian, with his sister Rebecca and two of the girls, called for Miss Wells, Maria and Guluk; so, they were quite a company, and their being together, no doubt, made the way seem shorter.

It is time now to send this letter to postoffice for the evening's mail. Let me hear from you soon. Your friend, Mrs. T. J. Baldwin.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

THREE GUIDES.

BY ADAM FAIRBANKS BATELLE.

Toiling along life's thorny track,
Three guides keep pace with man;
One looks forward, another back,
And the third, beneath man's heavy sack,
The pathway rough doth scan.

The first—the one with shining eyes—
Forever points ahead;
'Tis Hope, who leads the youth, and tries
To see the who's unknown that lies
In ways their feet must tread.

Sad Memory is gray and bent;
The hour-glass sands fall fast;
What to him is to-day's event,
Present is naught except when bleat
With his lost, longed-for Past.

One's face with earnest thought is grave;
The Mentor of mankind
Is ever tolling on to save
The precious hours with which we pave
The life of soul and mind.

This hour is thine; take, use it well;
It is as plastic clay
That you may mold; and years will tell—
When soul is freed from mortal shell—
The work of hour and day.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

SELF-RESPECT.

What is self-respect? Not pride; not vanity; not self-love. It may co-exist with these; it may, perhaps, be easily confounded with them; it is, in reality, quite different. It is a sober, honest esteem for one's whole make-up and belongings. It assumes that one's own convictions, one's own way of living, habits, speech—everything that belongs to us, to the very clothes that we wear—has a right to be, and to continue to be, in its full integrity. And this, with a rugged, stubborn tenacity, it persists in assuming until convinced of the contrary. That others are obviously different may abate self-assertion; that others hold our individual characteristics in light esteem may provoke reflection; that others condemn us may lead to self-examination; but not one jot or tittle of our personality will we sacrifice, except with deliberation, except for cause. Plainly enough, this sort of thing may be abused. It may confirm people in oddities, or even in ignorance and barbarism. It may block the wheels of progress and improvement—keep us all precisely where our fathers and grandfathers were. When, therefore, it is commended, as I do earnestly commend it, it is assumed that self-respect has a respectable foundation—such a foundation as may be taken for granted, one would hope, in the case of any average young man, born in a Christian family, brought up in a civilized community.

Of what use is self-respect? Of much. If it did nothing more than keep the multitude of individuals and nations from tumbling into the common mass, at the beck of precedent or fashion, it would do much. But it does far more. It tends to perpetuate and strengthen ways of thinking and believing and living formed in our earlier, probably our honestest and purer, days.

It is a strong prop to inherited traits and traditions. More particularly it helps wonderfully towards carrying us through that period in our life, the period of early manhood, when we most easily make radical changes in our habits, and are most liable to make them from unsufficient motives.

How does self-respect help us through this critical period? I have been brought up, we will assume, with certain convictions—say about God's being, his Word, his truth, his Church—about religion, in fact. They may not, indeed, have taken very special hold upon anything but my mind. But there, as I am aware, they are firmly seated; they are an integral part of myself. I now suddenly become aware that some acquaintance does not take these things for granted. He considers them fair topics for debate. He has gone further. He has dismissed them as superstitions. He sneers at them. And who has ever been able to answer a sneer? Let this man now be a little older than I. Let him be just far enough ahead of me to seem that awful embodiment of wisdom which the young man of a little reading and a little readiness appears to be to the young man of almost none, and what may be the result? A giving-up of inherited conviction as to truth—first step toward the abandonment of inherited convictions as to duty! And now comes in self-respect, and says: "I cannot answer him. I know but little about the matter. But anyhow, what I believe is my belief, and as such, is as likely to be right as his. At all events, it is as good for me as his for him, and I shall part with it when I have looked the ground thoroughly over not sooner." Certainly, not for a sneer.

Or, a young man, by removal to the city, or by graduation from one school into a higher, or from school into business, finds himself introduced to unaccustomed habits. Some gorgeous fellow offers himself as guide, philosopher and friend. He wears wonderfully fine clothes. What a pity our young man cannot know that they are not paid for. He wears jewelry. What a pity he cannot know it is only washed! He imposes by his presence, by a certain easy, off-hand way of talking about men and women and events; by a certain generous, not to say reckless, way of spending money for suppers and amusements, and for what our young man has been taught to call vices. And he has a clique of admirers and imitators and toadies, as every such leader—they are found everywhere—is sure to have. Into this circle, and under the influence of its Great Man, our youth now comes. He only sees the outside. What a pity there is not some wise man there to say: "Young man, the heart is the chief thing! What

do you know about his heart?" But there is no such monitor at hand. And what may well be the end of this story? Extravagance in dress, luxuriousness in food, the beginning of drinking habits, addition to expensive amusements, intemperance or unwholesome use of tobacco, restlessness at home, distaste of quiet evenings and reasonable society; nights, perhaps, spent now and then in the company of those wretched creatures "whose house inclineth unto death, and their ways unto the dead." But before it has come to this, self-respect steps to the front, may we not hope? And our young man says to himself, says, if need be, with tone and manner and vocabulary which leave the Great Man in no doubt whatever of his meaning:

"Pray, why should I change in any of these things simply for you? I who have been accustomed to about such clothes and food and amusements—why should I drop them at a moment's notice for others probably less suitable, certainly, beyond my means? I have never seen anything stronger than coffee or tea upon my father's table. Why should I need, or affect to need, wines and beers and liquors with my meals? I have been taught to find quiet occupation for my evenings. Why must I give up these evenings for the glare of billiard-rooms or the blare of cheap orchestras, or the chatter and clatter of restaurant or club? I have been brought up in ignorance of certain matters, and with the instinct that to talk or think of them is indecent. Why should I, at the dictation of a male prostitute, allow myself to be initiated into the disgusting mysteries affected by him and his set?" Or: "I have been brought up with certain religious habits, among them that of private prayer night and morning. I come now to room with another. His habits are unknown to me. I assume from his general appearance and ways that he is not religious, perhaps, that he considers religiousness rather contemptible. The hour comes for retiring. 'Why cannot I say my prayers in bed?' I ask myself, as so many of my elders do, and avoid all complications." I undress hurriedly; tumble into bed; say my prayers there, after a fashion. But I have lost grit—backbone. I have taken my first step toward apostasy. And, what makes the thing worse, I have helped another, perhaps, on the same road. For, while I was debating the character of my roommate, he was debating mine. If he had seen one sign of addition to the good old habit in me, he would have made haste to show his colors."

Poor fools! We fall asleep after a few minutes of unquiet tossing, frightened by shadows out of what has been a part of us since earliest childhood; what has its associations with mother and brother and sister and the whole group of family—frightened by shadows into what may prove to be the loss of his life, as well as of the life to come, unless, indeed, self-respect comes to the rescue and says: "What difference whether he says his prayers or not? This is my way, and am I not as much entitled to my way as he is to his? This is my way. And can I call myself a man and yet be ready to give up one of my fixed habits out of fear of a moment's ridicule?" Be it the true, the strongest foundation for self-respect and respectful treatment of self, where shall we find it so well as in the Christian religion? "Know ye not," says St. Paul, "that ye are a temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defileth the temple of God, him shall God destroy! For the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." Yet Jesus Christ has become man, and so has touched the whole race. Not only so; he has laid his hand upon each one of us, individually—joined us to him, himself to us. He has knocked at the door and entered. We are a temple of him, of his divine spirit. What fearful sacrilege to overturn his altar there; to substitute indecent jests and drunken oaths; the harlot's laugh and the infidel's sneer for the sweet hymn, the quiet prayer, the sacramental joy, the thoughts and words of faith and hope and charity, and all the blessed ways of a pure and simple and religious life. God help us to preserve from such fate the temple of self—the temple of God!

J. C. HATCH.
Santa Cruz, Cal.

The average age for graduation from college is steadily moving onward. Two or three generations ago it was not uncommon for boys to graduate at eighteen. But this did not indicate a surprising precocity then so much as an improvement in the colleges now. The college course of to-day, especially in the older colleges of the East, is a great deal more thorough, and requires more mature minds to appreciate it than the course of fifty years ago. More, too, is required by way of preparation to enter college, so that students must take more time to get ready than formerly. It is noted by the *Christian Inquirer* that the average age of graduation from college is now upward of twenty-two years. The professional course requires three years additional, so that a young man is twenty-six or twenty-seven before he is ready to "hang out his shingle" as a lawyer or doctor, and, of course, it will be some time before his practice is lucrative enough to give him an entire support.

Buildings for Mr. Moody's theological seminary are to be put up the coming summer in Chicago, on the north side, near the church which bears his name. The seminary is to be undenominational. It is to educate and equip practical Christian workers from the ranks of laymen.

MARCUS WHITMAN, M. D.—XXV.

EMIGRATION OF 1843 (3).

Having attended to missionary business at Boston, he made a short visit to his relatives and friends in the State of New York, and started on his return about the 20th of April, with his nephew Perrin B. Whitman. When he arrived in Missouri he found that all the immigrants were not ready to start, so he returned to Quincy, Ill., to visit a sister-in-law, Miss Jane Prentiss. He again returned to Missouri, but still had to wait for the immigrants to get ready. Some, indeed, had started, but he wished, during the first part of the journey, to go with the later immigrants. From the Shawnee Mission, near Westport, Mo., he then wrote two letters, the first to his brother-in-law, Edward, of Quincy, Ill., and the other to another brother-in-law, J. G. Prentiss, extracts of which are here given:

"May 27, 1843.
"Dear Brother Edward: I take this opportunity to write you a few lines before I leave the border. I was very sorry not to see you when at Quincy, but was glad to hear so much about you. It gave me great pleasure to see sister Jane. I suppose you think yourself a man now, and are not anxious for advice. I will venture, however, to let you know how anxious I am for you to complete your education. Entering the ministry a year or two sooner will not avail for any good purpose. We ought to aim at the greatest usefulness. I trust your manhood will only add to your firm determination to do all in your power for the glory of God and the good of his cause. I do not feel that I shall never see you, but I cannot tell how it will be likely to be except you come to Oregon. * * * I cannot tell you very much about the immigrants to Oregon. They appear very well, and, I have no doubt, are generally of an enterprising character. There are over two hundred men, besides women and children, as it is said. No one can well tell, until we are all on the road and get together, how many there are. Some have been gone a week, and others have not yet started. I hope to start to-morrow. I shall have an easy journey, as I have not much to do, having no one depending on me.

"Lieutenant Fremont of the United States Engineer Corps goes out with about thirty men, to explore for the Government, and expects to return this fall. His men are Canadian voyageurs mostly, and himself a Catholic. Two Papal priests and their lay helpers are along, and Father De Smet has gone back in order to go to Europe to bring out others by ship.

"I think, however, the immigrants who are going out will be a good acquisition. It will call on Christians to labor for their good. What a pity it is a good minister is not with us to go along at once! My expectations are high for that country. * * * I should not be surprised if I saw a number of your father's family west of the mountains before long. Jackson and Galusha may come. It is very late starting, but I hope to go on fast after I pass the mountains, and have no more dangerous Indians."

"May 28, 1843.
"Dear Brother Galusha: You will be surprised to learn that I am here yet. I have been, as it were, waiting for three weeks. When I got to St. Louis I found I had time, so I went to Quincy and saw sister Jane, but Edward was not there. I have been here near two weeks. Lieutenant Fremont is camped about two miles off for the night. The number of immigrants will be over two hundred men, besides women and children. This tells for the occupation of Oregon. A great many cattle are going, but no sheep, from a mistake of what I said when passing. Next year will tell for sheep. I do not know what to say to you about sheep. There can be [no] difficulty in their traveling. They have been proved to travel as well through prairie as pack horses. My plan, you know, was to get funds for founding schools, and have good people come along as settlers and teachers, while others might have sheep along of their own also. It would be a fine thing if Esquire D. would open his eyes to Oregon, and see if he could not get some of the offices, such as Judge or Indian Agent, or commissioner for the treaties with the Indians. You will be best judge what can be best done, and how you can exert yourself in these matters, and whether the secret service fund [a fund controlled by the Cabinet] can be obtained. As now decided in my mind, this Oregon will be occupied by American citizens. Those who go now only open the way for more another year. Wagons will go all the way, I have no doubt, this year. It should be remembered that nothing should be taken across the mountains but provisions; all goods should be sent by ship. Sheep and cattle, but especially sheep, are indispensable for Oregon. I mean to impress on the Secretary of War that sheep are more indispensable to Oregon interests than soldiers. We want to get sheep and stock from Government for Indians, instead of money for their lands. I have written him on the main interests of the country, but I mean still to write him a private letter touching some particular interests. I want you to get De Smet's Indian sketches. It can be found at the Catholic book stores. You will see what way the Society of Jesus do their missionary work, and what we have to contend with in Oregon. I hope to be expeditious in traveling. After we get to Fort Hall I hope to go on rapidly, if not

before. Grass has not been in a good start quite a week yet, but is very fine now. Fremont and most, or all, his men are Catholics. I shall by no means be surprised to see some, if not all, of you on our side of the mountains. Wishing you peace and happiness, I am in the best bonds, Your brother,
"(Signed) MARCUS WHITMAN."
M. EELS.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

The stated meeting of the Board of Managers was held at the Bible House on Thursday, December 6th.

The death of John Elliott, Esq., one of the managers of the Society, was announced, and a memorial minute concerning him was adopted by the Board. Upon recommendation of the Committee on Distribution, grants of Bibles, Testaments and portions, to the value of about \$5,686, were made, to promote the circulation of Scriptures at home and abroad. An additional appropriation of \$3,500 in funds was made to meet the expenses of enlarged work in Japan.

In the foreign correspondence of the month were found interesting communications from Mr. Milne of Buenos Ayres, Dr. Trumbull of Valparaiso and Mr. Penzotti of Peru, concerning the remarkable success of the recent efforts to circulate the Scriptures along the west coast of South America, where, in six months, Mr. Penzotti had sold 2,237 volumes of Scripture, of which 636 were Bibles; also letters from Mr. Tucker, describing a successful tour in the interior of Brazil; from Dr. Bliss, mentioning his gradual recovery from an attack of fever; from the Rev. David Rood of the Zulu Mission in Africa, asking for a new edition of the New Testament in Zulu; from Mr. Dardier, with incidents of Bible distribution in France; from Mr. Prince, reporting a large circulation of Russian Scriptures in the province of Archangel, and from other correspondents and agents in foreign lands. Four societies were recognized as auxiliary—namely, two in Arkansas, one in Ohio and one in Wisconsin.

The cash receipts of the Society in November, which may be expended for general purposes, were \$35,098.75. The issues from the Bible House in November were 84,916 copies; issues since April 1st, 630,373 copies.

REV. W. C. STEWART.

If I do say so myself, there is no more worthy class of persons, certainly none more impecunious, than the average country minister. This statement seems to be fully appreciated by the people of Scott Valley, for on the evening of Friday, Dec. 14th, about forty residents of Etna and the adjoining neighborhoods, visited my residence, and after passing a very pleasant social time, and cheering my household and myself by their agreeable presence, left us richer than we were by about fifty dollars in money, and its equivalent in the forms of groceries and provisions. These kind friends seem determined that while their minister is striving to furnish them with intellectual and spiritual pabulum, he shall not lack the necessary nutriment for the physical man. This affair is peculiarly pleasing, coming as it does at the beginning of my fifth year of ministerial service in Scott Valley. Many thanks to all the dear people of the valley, not only for recent gifts, but for all their appreciation of my four years of labor in a field which, on account of the scattered character of the population, is confessedly a difficult one. To retain the respect of the people of Scott Valley for four years is a gratifying experience for any minister. Allow me, Mr. Editor, to notice further, that no Providence preventing, I shall continue to preach at Etna, every alternate Sunday, beginning with next Sunday, Dec. 23d, at the usual hour of evening service, and every other Sunday at 11 A. M., thus giving Etna one service each Sunday. I shall also, God willing, maintain my appointments as heretofore, at Oro Fino and other points in the valley. Very gratefully and truly,
WM. C. STEWART.
—Yreka Journal.

NOT SUCCESSFUL. WHY?

God has been so good to me, I should be very ungrateful if I did not praise him. I often think some of us are not successful because we do not praise God enough. "The Lord is my strength and my shield." We should praise the Lord for what he is to us. We are so little; so insignificant; we wonder that he ever called any of us to work for him. So many live in "Grumbling street." The Lord says to his afflicted ones, "Now, my child, I want to have a talk with you. Your mission has not prospered because you are discontented; you are not thankful enough." Begin to praise God! Deadness, darkness, desolation, will then fly away. Take down the harp from the willows. God has a gift for you, has it ready for you, if only you have faith. Bring the work to the Lord; and when you are on your knees, God will bless and make you a blessing.

Let praise be the keynote of every effort. Hearts that are failing will then be cheered. The soldier, as he goes forth, goes to the sound of music; depression is half the trouble. If you think over your mercies you will be filled with adoration when you discover their number. It is related that a little girl tried to count the stars, but left off in despair. "I never thought there were so many," she said. So is it with God's loving kindness to his children. Ask yourself, "Have I got anything God may take

away from me?" Ah, yes! There is life, sunshine, duty, patience, tenderness, character, a thousand things he may take from you. Did you ever thank God for half his mercies?—George Holland.

In the South Carolina State House of Representatives a joint resolution has been introduced, providing for the submission to the people of an amendment to the State Constitution, making the citizen's ability to read that instrument, as also the Constitution of the United States, and to write his own name, a condition *sine qua non* of his voting at any election, State or National.

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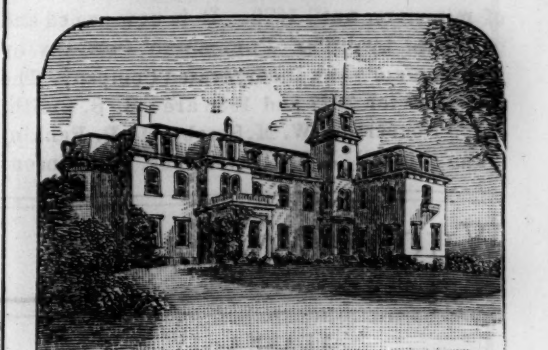
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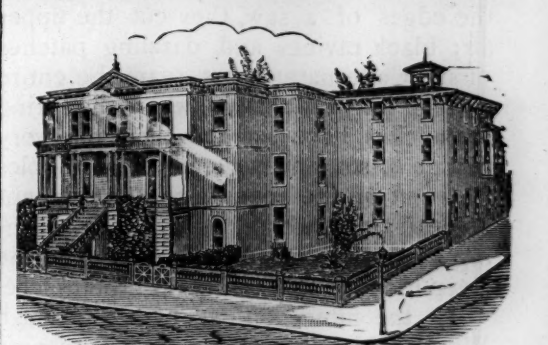
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WATCH-NIGHT.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Watch, brethren, watch!
The year is dying;
Watch, brethren, watch!
Old Time is flying.
Watch as men watch the parting breath,
Watch as men watch for life or death.
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity!

Pray, brethren, pray!
The sands are falling;
Pray, brethren, pray!
God's voice is calling.
Yon turret strikes the dying chime,
We kneel upon the edge of Time.
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity!

Praise, brethren, praise!
The skies are rending;
Praise, brethren, praise!
The fight is ending.
Behold, the glory draweth near!
The King himself will soon be here.
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity!

Look, brethren, look!
The day is breaking;
Hark, brethren, hark!
The dead are waking.
With girdled loins we ready stand;
Behold, the bridegroom is at hand!
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity!

—Horatius Bonar, D.D.

FACING THE NEW YEAR.

Mrs. Ayre woke on New Year's Day with a groan. It was a dark, drizzling morning. She had neuralgia in her right eye. Baby had screamed with colic half the night. Her husband had not given her a word of sympathy or kindness, though she knew he was awake. He had been moody and ill-tempered for days. Jane, the girl of all work, had given warning the night before. Worst of all, Robert, her eldest son, had not come home until midnight. He had fallen in with some idle fellows of late, and it was, she thought, owing to this companionship that his standing at college was low.

She went down stairs, her soul feebly staggering under this burden of woes, and opened the windows.

"In my affliction I called unto the Lord," she repeated, looking into the murky sky.

Suddenly a gust of sense and courage swept through her like a fresh wind. Afflicted? Why, God was behind all these petty worries, just as the sun was back of this dreary rain. Had she no faith at all? Was she to go with a white and lamentation to meet the new year? God was in it, also.

She stiffened herself, body and soul. With the tears still on her cheeks, and choking in her throat, she began to sing a gay little catch of which she was fond, and ran to her room again to put on a fresh collar and a pretty cravat. She had twenty things to do before breakfast, but she sang on while she was about them. It was a foolish little song, yet, out of it, a singular courage and life stole into her heart.

"With prayer and thanksgiving—and thanksgiving—make known your requests unto God," she remembered. She passed through the kitchen, stopping to wish Jane a Happy New Year, with a joke. The wish and the song and the joke fell into Jane's Irish heart like a blazing rocket into a dark place.

She chuckled as she stirred the potatoes. The work at Ayre's wasn't so heavy after all, and herself had a pleasant way with her, and there was the prisms now and then. In two months she would have enough past her to send for her sister, an—'an' it's likely Tim Flaherty would be crossing' about that time.

Jane brought in the breakfast with red cheeks and a broad smile. There was no more talk of warning from her.

Mr. Ayre, lying awake in bed, was tempted to wish the morning would never dawn. He was a close-mouthed, undemonstrative man, who shut his troubles down out of sight. But the weight of them just now was more than he could bear. Things were going wrong at the works; every day he discovered mistakes and petty frauds. He was growing old; he was behind the times. Younger manufacturers were supplanting him in the market. Sharper eyes than his were needed to watch the men and the books. As far as his business was concerned, he was in a miserably blind alley, from which he saw no exit.

But the hurt which was the sorest was no matter of business. Robert was low in his Greek class, and still lower in Latin. He was growing reckless, running with low companions. What he had hoped from that boy! For himself he had no ambition—but for Robert! He was to be a great lawyer like his grandfather. But here he was going to the dogs—at nineteen!

For days Mr. Ayre had borne his misery in grim, ill-humored silence. But now in his stern despair he felt he had been silent too long. He would speak in a way which Robert would remember to his dying day. He got up, resolving, as he put on his boots, that the boy should either turn over a new leaf that day or leave the house.

"If he is set on going to ruin, it shall not be under my roof! I'll not palter with him!" he thought, his jaws set and pale. "I'll disown him."

Just then a cheery song rang through the house. It was the very spirit of good sense and courage. Poor Hetty! She had been sick all night, and worried with that crying child, and there she was facing the new year with a song! "And I behaved like a brute to her," thought Mr. Ayre.

He was very fond of his wife. As he

stood shaving himself he listened to her song, and his lids trembled a little. Hetty used to sing Rob to sleep with that ditty when he was a baby. What a big fellow he was! Big in every way. There never was anything mean and sneaking about Rob—a headlong, affectionate, foolish lad.

He listened as he brandished the razor, holding counsel with himself in the glass. There could be no doubt that Hetty had twice his courage to face disaster. It was her faith, perhaps. As he laid down the razor, he nodded to himself, almost with a smile. "I reckon I was too hard on the boy. I'll give him another chance."

He heard Rob's step on the stairs, and opened the door, waiting.

Rob had wakened with an aching head. Defeat at school, the foul talk of his last night's comrades, his first drink of whisky, all tore at the poor boy's brain. He rose sullen, and ready for fight. His father and mother would both attack him, no doubt. He was tired of lecturing. He would cut loose, and earn his own bread like a free man.

Just then his mother's voice reached his ears. It was full of tenderness and cheerful hope. It was that old song she used to be always singing. He listened with a forced scowl. But presently his face softened. Things insensibly began to look brighter. It was impossible that life had reached so terrible a crisis. There was the savory smell of breakfast coming up, and the children laughing, and his mother singing gayly. He came down the stairs with a sudden throbbing at his heart.

Could he go back, and begin all over again? He had been an innocent boy a year ago. If father would only hear reason for a minute—

His father looked out of his door.

"Rob, my son," he called pleasantly.

"Yes, dad," the boy answered, stopping eagerly.

"Come in; I want to have a minute's talk with you. You were out late last night. You are often out late."

Robert looked him straight in the eyes.

"Yes, father, I've been in bad company. I know it. I'm ashamed of myself."

"Your mother does not give you up," said Mr. Ayre, irritably. "She has faith in you. I don't see how she can begin the new year with a song. Between you and the trouble at the works, I feel as if my reason was going."

"What is wrong at the works?" said Rob, anxiously. "Sit down, father! Don't give me up. Have a little faith in me. With God's help I'll start afresh. Don't give me up."

Mr. Ayre looked sharply into the boy's face. It was honest; it bore the mark of no bad passion. Perhaps he had not understood Rob—perhaps he had made some mistake in managing him.

"Why do you waste your time, and my money, Robert? You are doing no good in your studies!"

"Father," said Rob, boldly, "I'll tell you the truth. I hate books. I never shall be a scholar. Let me go to work. Put me in the factory to learn the business. That is what I have wanted all my life. I don't care how hard the work is!"

Mr. Ayre's countenance changed as if a cloud had vanished and the whole face of the earth had lightened. Here was the answer to the riddle! Of course the boy was meant for business! Cool, shrewd, honest, wide-awake. Why had he been so blind?

"We must talk it over, Robert. We must talk it over."

His voice fairly trembled with excitement. He shut the door.

Mr. Ayre was called half a dozen times in vain to breakfast. He came at last with Robert. The two men had bright, pleased faces.

"Well, mother!" cried Mr. Ayre, "Rob and I have a grand scheme. He is to be my right-hand man at the works. Confidential clerk until he learns the business, and then junior partner. What do you say to that? I declare I feel as if a mountain had been lifted off my back!"

Rob was standing behind his mother. He pulled back her head and kissed her. She said nothing, but the happy tears rained down her cheeks.

"I'm going to begin all over again," he whispered.

"Thank God! I knew it would all come right."

"Breakfast, breakfast!" said Mr. Ayre, setting to work vigorously, while the children drummed on their platters. But Rob stood by his mother, gently stroking her hand.

"Dear old mammy!" he said, "that was a good song of yours this morning!"

"Yes, Hetty," said her husband. "Your voice is as sweet as ever. But your heart seemed to be singing to-day, and to good purpose."—*Congregationalist*.

A mother gave her little boy two bright, new pennies, and asked him what he was going to do with them. After a moment's thought, the child replied: "I am going to give one to the missionaries and with the other I am going to buy a stick of candy." After a little he returned from his play, and told his mother that he had lost one of his pennies.

"Which did you lose?" she asked. "I lost the missionary penny," he promptly replied. How many grown people are like that little boy!—*Richmond Religious Herald*.

"I cannot understand," complained the bard, "why I am alluded to as an obscure poet. I'm sure a child could understand my writings."

DAILY MAIL ON A STEAMER.

On the first night out, just as my *vis-à-vis* at table was sitting down to dinner in the beautiful saloon of the *City of New York*, a steward stepped up to him and handed him a letter, saying: "With the captain's compliments, sir." Every night this performance was repeated. Sometimes the captain himself presented the letter. It was mysterious and interesting. The gentleman who received the letter seemed to be much astonished when it came to him on the first occasion, but afterward he merely showed signs of enjoyment on reading its contents. He was a very delightful man, and a great favorite at our table; but, though everybody was dying to know where the letters came from, nobody had enough impudence to ask him. But on the day before we reached New York I happened to be standing on the companion-way with this gentleman, when the captain presented the letter, and the former said, as he tore open the envelope: "Queer idea of my wife's isn't it? She sent the captain seven letters addressed to me, and asked him to deliver one to me every evening before dinner. She thought I would be glad to hear from her every day; and I tell you it has been one of the pleasantest events of the voyage, this mail delivery in mid-ocean." *Pittsburg Dispatch*.

POCKET-MONEY FOR THE YOUNG.

Teach your children the proper use of money. Begin with a small allowance of pocket-money, which they shall feel as their own, and let an account of its expenditure be made to you. Carefully guard against any ridicule if there have been foolish purchases, for that will soon beget distrust; then follow deceit, and very soon you will never know what has become of the money. Kindly advise, so that if your boy is tempted to spend his money in a way he knows is wrong, he will freely come to you and tell of it. Until you feel positively compelled to it, do not withdraw your allowance. It may be that you will find no other way to stop a career of wasteful and sinful extravagance, but let all effort be made in other ways first. Teach your boys to earn a little for themselves. Many little ways will suggest themselves. It is so much more helpful to them, as well as an enjoyable pride, that it is always well to encourage all such endeavor. We know a mother who prizes, above all her other possessions, a pair of gold sleeve-buttons purchased with the first money her boy ever earned, and though he is now in business for himself, we fancy he never invested any money more cheerfully than that.—*Good Housekeeping*.

WHO HER FRIENDS WERE.

I once heard a mother, who had been criticised for her personal vanity by a somewhat gossiping neighbor, say that she made it a duty and pleasure to keep well dressed, for she was likely at any hour to be called upon to entertain friends, whose good opinion was of such consequence that she could not afford to run the risk of having them find her in any but neat and presentable attire. The friends were her husband and children, and she was fully compensated for her care in this direction by their approval and appreciation. To be "well dressed" was not, to her mind, an admission of extravagance. Good taste and good planning often stand in place of dollars and cents, and the lady in question was able to dress well on half the cost of her neighbor's wardrobe. One of her prettiest morning gowns, so her little daughter thought, was a blue gingham—a shilling a yard—of graceful fit, with a white lawn ruffle in the neck, and generally a spray of buds or blossoms at the throat.—*Laws of Life*.

WINTER-EVENING READING.

It is a delightful way to pass the long winter evenings, when the children are old enough for it, for the family to take up the plays of Shakespeare, assigning the various parts to different members of the family. If your own circle be not sufficiently large, call in your neighbors. Let the young people be made to read correctly, intelligently and well. Thus you are able to accomplish several things. An ease of manner is acquired, a correct ear, a knowledge of the best use of words, and naturally follows a love of the highest literature. Set your intellectual standard high, and try to keep yourselves in sympathy with the children in every way, and they will have no desire to conceal anything—the book, the amusement, the friend, will be all the more enjoyable because of the presence of the father and mother into their inner life.

We should be glad that it is child-nature to be forgetful; that a kiss, a smile, a kind word will efface the recollection of the hasty reproof, the cross look, the impatient blow that has wronged blood from the tender little heart. We would not dare to insult those of our own age as we do our children. Thank heaven for their short memories!—so short that the suffering of cutting one's tooth is clean forgotten before the next saw a jagged edge through the swollen gum.—*Christmas Talk with Mothers*.

If the handles of stove brushes are kept clean from the first, that part of the work will seem no dirtier than any other about the house. It is an excellent plan to use a paint brush for putting on the blacking, also use plenty of fresh newspaper.—*Good Housekeeping*.

A man of small calibre is the greatest bore.

Farm and Household

HINTS ABOUT HORSES:
It costs more to keep a poor horse than it does to keep a good one.

Change the feed for your horses often enough to make them relish it.

Improper feeding is the cause of nine out of ten cases of sickness among horses.

Every time you worry your horses you shorten their lives and days of usefulness. Sweat and dust cause the horse's shoulders to gall. So do poor, ill-fitting collars.

Affection cannot be pounded in. Kind treatment insures the affection of an animal, while rough treatment is sure to cause its hatred.

It is alike dangerous to other horses and men to spare the life of a glandered horse. Glanders is a highly contagious, incurable disease, and, as a rule, fatal in the human subject.

The temperature of water for horses is not so much an object as the purity of it. While it is best to have the water cool, it is more important to have it free from all impurities.

When horses are suffering from the bites of flies or stings of other insects, sponge the parts that cannot be protected by nets with water in which insect powder has been mixed—a tablespoonful to two gallons of water.

Mares in foal should have exercise and moderate work, and under no circumstances should they be subjected to harsh treatment, nor should they ever be allowed to go where they would be in danger of being frightened.

Of two colts similar in disposition and sense, one may develop into a steady and valuable family horse, while the other may be vicious, treacherous and unsafe—all because of a difference in the men handling them.—*Medical Classics*.

The horse which can plow an acre while another horse is plowing half an acre, or that which can carry a load of passengers ten miles while another is going five, independent of all considerations of amusement, taste, or what is called fancy, is absolutely worth twice as much to the owner as the other.

NOTES FOR HOUSEKEEPERS:
Use a penny to remove paint spots from glass.

Clean piano keys with a soft rag dipped in alcohol.

Different flavors of cake should be kept in separate boxes.

Egg stains on silver can be taken off with table salt and a wet rag.

Indian meal should be purchased in small quantities and kept well covered.

Sweet potatoes require nearly twice the time that Irish potatoes do, either to bake or boil.

White and pale shades of paint may be beautifully cleaned by using whiting in the water.

Cold sliced potatoes fry better by sprinkling a teaspoonful of flour over them while frying.

To polish nickel-plated goods after becoming black and not worn, use rouge or whiting on a rag with a little oil.

Use a silver spoon in cooking mushrooms. The silver will be blackened if any injurious quality is present.

If cream soups are to stand any length of time after being prepared, place a damp towel over the dish to prevent a scum from rising.

If you are obliged to leave a basket of clothes that have been dampened for ironing longer than usual, put them in a dry place away from artificial heat, and they will not mildew or sour for days.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.—Parboil a chicken until it becomes very tender; a year-old chicken requires one and a half hours slow boiling. Place it in a bowl, and let it gradually cool off, but allow the sauce to continue boiling thirty minutes. Strain and skim off the grease which rises to the surface. Put in a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter, and when melted, add three tablespoonfuls of flour; thoroughly mix, and then stir in the same. Let it boil thirty minutes. Dissect the chicken, removing the skin and all bones, and cut the meat into very small nice pieces, and stir them into the sauce, seasoning with salt and pepper. Beat up the yolks of three eggs, and stir swiftly into the mixture; remove it from the fire, put it into a pan slightly buttered, let it cool, and then place it in an ice-box. When thus prepared, it should be made the night before it is to be served. The next morning dip out one tablespoonful for each croquette, and roll in an oblong or pyramidal shape; dip in flour, then in beaten egg, and cover with cracker dust. Fry in hot lard, having sufficient lard in the pan to cover the croquette. With all croquettes, as a rule, a sauce should be served; with chicken croquettes a cream or tomato sauce.

LOBSTER FRICASSEE.—Meat of one lobster, boiled and cold; one cup of soup stock, skimmed and cleared; one-half cup of milk; juice of half a lemon; one tablespoonful of butter, rolled in flour; pepper and salt to liking. Cut the lobster into dice. Put the gravy, pepper and salt into a saucepan, and when hot, the lobster. Cook gently five minutes, and put in the lemon. Heat the milk in another vessel, stir in the flour; pour the lobster in also, stir up faithfully, and turn into a deep dish.

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THIRD CHURCH—South side Fifteenth Street, between Valencia and Mission streets. Rev. J. A. Cruzan, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday-school, 12:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.

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OCEAN VIEW CHAPEL—Broad avenue, near Capital street. Sunday-school at 12:30 p. m.

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1889.

THE PACIFIC sends out a ringing "Happy New Year" to all its readers, as it begins Vol. XXXVIII, No. 1. The eclipse of yesterday could do no more than deepen for a time the perennial flash and glow upon its bosom, and then pass along, leaving the ocean-life to work out its destiny—the ever-heaving billow remaining as the sign of such a life, the meaning of which who shall declare? One of the evening papers of Saturday contained a good editorial on the "Meaning of Life"; intending, of course, human life. But institutions have a life, each its own; and so do newspapers, with vitality. The life of THE PACIFIC—what is the "meaning" of it? Of what sort has it been? It means piety, culture, devotion, enterprise, energy, purpose, persistence, good will and self-sacrifice. Without all these qualities in publishers and editors, it could not live at all. Without most of these qualities in its patrons, it would not have lived at all. The fact of a relatively long life is therefore in evidence that a fair number of people, rich in high qualities, are alive, and "alive like to be," all up and down our Coast. As to the sort of life it has lived, it may be justly said that it has not been an easy one, nor a dull one; never an aimless life, nor a hopeless one. It has met difficulties, and encountered obstacles, and gone through struggles, and pushed aside oppositions, and vanquished foes—not all of them, but enough of them to enable it always to carry the prestige of victory. It is victorious life only that is life. Any other life is simply existence, and nothing more. Now, THE PACIFIC proposes to live another year, and toil and strive and conquer. It has never known any such word as "fail." It will not deserve any such word as "defeat." It hopes to have its "quarrel just" when it must have one, and to find therein the germs of success. It wishes to extend itself, and enlarge its usefulness. It should not only hold its own, but increase. It should enter twice as many homes as it does among the churches, and it should be sent in quantities into scores of destitute communities, and do there, in some sort, the work of Sunday-school and Church.

A total eclipse of the sun occurred yesterday noon, over a belt of a few miles in breadth, running diagonally across our State. Parties for observation were stationed at various points on this belt, from Cloverdale, Cal., to Winnemucca, Nev. Several of these parties were from the Eastern States, and came well equipped. Of course, the Lick Observatory men were conspicuous for their diligence and their outfit. They could not afford to be outdone by any other persons. Many people from this city and from other towns near the line of totality, took a trip to various points within the belt to make observations for themselves, and so to gratify a very laudable curiosity. However, none of us were left entirely out. A partial eclipse, at least, was in reserve for us all. Eleven-twelfths of the sun was darkened for the multitudes in this vicinity for a short time, and we had nearly two hours of large or small obscurity. In another week it is hoped that we may be able to make some interesting, if not wonderful, announcements. An event of this sort has few other direct bearings than scientific ones, although lessons moral and religious may be drawn from it by the thoughtful mind.

We have received a copy of the address, delivered at New Haven, Ct., last spring, at the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the settlement of that place. The author is W. L. Kingsley, Esq., of the New Englander—himself a historian and the son of a historian. It makes a fine pamphlet of 66 pages. Most, if not all of it, was printed in the New Englander a while ago,

and it deserves this further and wider publication. Every Eastern man ought to have it to lend to every Western man. It is full of information, wit, wisdom, and strength. It is entitled, "The Historic Forces Which Gave Rise to Puritanism." It justifies the Puritan in the eyes of the world, and vindicates his good name. Let this serve as a sample: "He never disdained the meanest, nor flattered the greatest. He had a loving and sweet courtesy for the poorest. No descendant of the man who settled Plymouth, Boston, or New Haven, is worthy of his ancestry of whom this is not true to-day."

On one point, certainly, the churches may strike hands with the Knights of Labor, for, at the late convention of this order at Indianapolis, there was passed, by unanimous vote, resolutions expressing the views of the order in regard to the rest from labor on the Sabbath. They call upon the Government to lend its force in this good work. They desire all Government labor to cease on this day, except such as is of absolute necessity. Yet in many quarters it is persistently represented that the institution of the weekly rest is an interference with freedom. We understand that a large petition is circulating, protesting to Congress against any law favoring the first day of the week in any sense a day set apart from the rest. But sooner or later the workingmen will see that one day in seven, protected by public sentiment and by legislation, is not an imposition, but a great boon.

The Week of Prayer will, of course, begin next Sunday. It is always best to observe the week, even in the midst of what seem to be untoward circumstances; and it is always best to do what is possible beforehand to remove unfavorable things. And it is to be remembered always that the Divine Wisdom does not necessarily discern things as we do, and that the Divine Spirit is not altogether united to our measures, nor always confined by them. We must ever do our best, in faith, hope and love. In this city, January 6th is coincident with the beginning of the labors of Mr. Moody, and the Week of Prayer will be absorbed into the larger effort of evangelism, for which many preparations have been made, and out of which things lasting and wondrous may grow.

Our Congregational brethren in the colonies over the great and wide sea have been celebrating a jubilee, and they have had the satisfaction of a visit from a delegation sent by the Congregational Union in old England. We have vivid descriptions of breakfast and garden parties, and eloquent addresses by Dr. Hanney and by Dr. Bevan. It was announced that \$225,000 had been raised in Victoria, mainly to raise the burdens of debt. But "the surprise of the meeting was a proposal to build a college to cost \$300,000; a grammar school for boys, \$100,000; a high school for girls, \$100,000, to be raised in five years, towards which one donor promises \$250,000." The word "college," of course, is used in the English Congregational sense, and means a theological seminary, which is to be affiliated with the University of Melbourne.

It is generally supposed that what is called new or progressive theology has the sympathy of the Liberals and of those who control the tone of the secular press. But a writer in the Unitarian organ at Boston contends that the sympathy ought not to go there. For he says that the Conservatives hold out more hope for men in general than the advocates of the larger hope do. He claims that the prospect for the great mass of men being saved, on the supposition of a definite acceptance of the historical Jesus, even if offered in another world, is very small. It is well to look round before adopting any theology because it is called new. And the dark problems of sin are dark and tough. Any supposition which is not authorized by revelation goes a very little way in justifying the ways of God.

Our attention has been called anew to the institution for the care and training of "Feeble-Minded Children," located at present near San Jose. It has grown beyond all expectation, and has outgrown its present quarters. It needs far more land, and a more healthful location, and on it a structure that will accommodate at least 500. The State should fully undertake this work, as one of economy; since many of these unfortunates can be so developed as to be capable of earning their own livelihood, thereby relieving the public of the expense of their support. Unless this provision is made, hundreds of these

children will grow up without capacity to do business, and only fill our almshouses and insane asylums; helpless, but not always harmless creatures.

Some time ago a translation into French of the four gospels was made by a Catholic, M. Lasarre. It was written in admirable French, and had a large sale. It received once the Papal approval, but for some reason it has recently been put on the "Index Expurgatorius." Lasarre is making a personal appeal at Rome to have the prohibition removed. The ultramontane party, it is said, are likely to make strenuous opposition. That party want to have the monopoly of the Bible in their own hands. Spontaneous free translation of the Scriptures is not to their liking.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

We can make it a fervent wish to all whom we salute, if we can present them no contribution that shall add to their wealth, comfort and pleasure.

We may desire for them that they shall hail the fresh dawn in the possession of unimpaired health and strength; able to rise from couch and chair, and to engage in daily activity, with no abatement of vigor and energy in any of the departments and powers of their being.

We may desire for them a pleasant remembrance of the months that have fled, and of the scenes through which they have passed, and that they be haunted by no reproaches out of these gone-by days.

We may desire for them the warm and clinging affection and sympathy of kindred and friends, and the testimony of such sentiments and emotions in word and deed not to be questioned or doubted.

We may desire for them the coronation of hopes that have animated their spirit hitherto, and whose full fruition has yet to be made a part of their joyful experience.

We may ask for them open paths and beams of light along the way of the future, as they go forward on the life-journey yet to be pursued, that every step may be safely and profitably taken.

We may crave for them the ability and the disposition so to contribute to the welfare of others, especially of the sorrowful and needy, that the "blessing of many ready to perish" shall be vocal for them in the walks and fellowships in which they move and mingle.

So let us seek to realize the fullness of the sweet beatitude in the largest and highest communication of happiness we can present to the lives throbbing near to our own.

To our readers and mates, to those whom we know and love, and to those who are strangers to us, we breathe out with fullest emphasis and with genuine good will, the seasonable benediction—"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

ORDINATION.

Edward D. Haven, who graduated from the Pacific Theological Seminary, in the class of 1888, was ordained to the Christian ministry, as an evangelist, at Bethany church (of which he had been for years a member) in this city, December 11, 1888. The Council met in the afternoon of that day. The Rev. A. L. Rankin was Moderator of the Council, and the Rev. Mr. Vorhees Scribe. All the preliminaries were orderly and brief. The examination of the candidate, which was eminently satisfactory, was not very much protracted, though questions were freely asked by members of the Council. At the service of the evening a good audience was present, considering the clemency of the weather. Good music was provided for the occasion. There was no sermon. All the regular parts for such an occasion were assigned and filled. The chief ones were the charge, the prayer, the right hand, the address. Professor J. A. Benton, of the Pacific Theological Seminary, gave the charge, his thoughts clustering around the word "economy." The prayer of ordination was offered by the Rev. Dr. W. C. Pond, the pastor of the church and of the candidate, who was assisted in the laying on of hands by the Moderator and Prof. Benton. The occasion was one of unusual interest to Dr. Pond; and it was not strange that he should show some signs of profound emotion. The most interesting part of the service may well have been that of the giving of the right hand of fellowship by the Rev. E. D. Hale, of Clayton, who had been ordained a few weeks earlier. Mr. Hale was a classmate of Mr. Haven in the Seminary; and, one year, his room-mate. Having been thus in their own way as David and Jonathan to each other, the welcome of one to the other into the Christian ministry took on an unusual degree of affection and tenderness. The address of the Rev. Dr. McLean, of Oakland, was to the church—not a church receiving a pastor, but one sending forth a member to labor with other churches. It was an address to comfort, congratulate, stimulate and edify the church, and to fill it with joy and courage in fidelity to the Master. [Mr. Haven, thus ordained, has been preaching, even since his graduation, to the churches in Sunol and Mission San Jose. He is still preaching to these churches, but it is not now known how long the present relations will continue.]

That is a curious result—in New York the Germans first, and now the Italians, crowding out the Negro barbers, and in Charleston, S. C., the Chinamen taking did a sympathetic voice and manner reproduce the scene.

SALEM LETTER.

How like butterflies many of our pleasant thoughts are! The likeness grows as I consider it. An unobservant eye, the inattentive mind, is not conscious of their presence or their beauty; but once we begin to see them, how surely, as if by magical attraction, they float all about us! Springing up from the most low-lying common-places of life, we often come upon them unexpectedly, and while we pause to rest our eyes upon their loveliness, they are gone.

We may not be able to call a friend to share with us the vision. Is it any wonder we try to catch the bright wayfarers? Seized with hasty violence, we find only an unseemly bit of rubbish, and are ready to say, "Vain hope"; or, if, with gentle patience, we catch one in a mesh of words and fasten it with a pen-point upon paper, how much of the grace that life held in its sacred power is gone! Loving care and some skill are needed, even to preserve a form that will give lookers-on an idea of the living beauty. Much patient practice enables our collector finally to exhibit specimens very life-like. His neighbor may have secured like varieties. Job and his friends wandered over the same fields of thought, and wherein we find our choicest samples. Indeed, the chief value of life lies in the fact that for thoughts and butterflies alike there exists an infinite power to new create, so that each soul may gather for itself the same wonders. The pity is when any one is so content with what others have upon exhibition as to fail in perceiving the living revelation of life and beauty; or, on the other hand, is so enraptured with his own scanty collection, that he fancies it altogether different and far superior to the gatherings of others. For instance, I look at my little reminiscences of our "Council," that met so quietly in Portland last June—are they worth showing, I ask? Any one who was a present might say, "Mine are quite as good as those"; and if, perchance, any who were not there glanced at them, they would say, "I see nothing new or valuable here"; so I fold them away, and give the package into memory's keeping for my own individual pleasure. But when Cousin Maria, referring to this Council, writes from her isolated home, "I trust you appreciate your privilege of meeting with people of refinement and culture in so many different combinations, it makes me hungry even to hear about it," I feel glad to show my little treasure, hoping that such as she may be able to form thereby some idea of what it was to be there. Printer Himes gave us, through THE PACIFIC, a faithful account, true as a photograph, of its sayings and doings. I give merely a few of such fitting impressions as came within my reach.

It certainly is a great privilege to attend the gatherings of wise people. We all have our private scales of weights and measurements; and, as new-comers pass before us, we take note of each one, and make swift estimate of peculiarities, abilities, etc. We often afterward revise and correct these first impressions, but we usually keep a record of them, and in these meetings we have opportunity to see the strong points and taste the sweet, spicy flavor of high discourse. To be one of such a company is like being a guest at a feast.

The spirit of fellowship between Oregon and California needed to be materialized in railroad ties to facilitate the coveted intercourse. None of the brethren who honored us by their coming were utter strangers. Though far removed, they were of our kindred. We had not seen their faces, but frequent reports had reached us of their conflicts and their courage. Now we should see them with our own eyes, hear from their lips words of testimony. We were prepared to welcome the occasion, and we had all confidence that the Portland church would give, in its hospitable homes and through its genial pastor, just the right local tone to make the occasion all we hoped for. How appropriate all the services of the Sabbath preceding the Council were! Dr. McLean came before us first, in the beautifully decorated audience-room in the morning service. He is a tall, straight man, middle-aged, with keen, observant eyes, showing, in their very steadiness, trace of many a long train of impressions received—eyes that look equal to the taking in of any situation. His sermon was like a wide doorway, giving ample room for a review of the many paths by which we had come, and a clear outlook toward the future warfare, with many a helpful suggestion as to weapons, calling special attention to the battle-axe found in the armor of Jeremiah (see Jer. li: 20-23), with which so much valiant work had been wrought. He instructed his hearers in the Pauline spirit and methods of the combat (II Cor. x: 3-5).

Some ministers treat imagination as our army, in the early days of the civil war, treated the negro. They can in no wise dispense with its personal service; but, to let it come in force, and throw all the wonderful magnetism of its power into their sermons, they are afraid lest even military rigor will not be able to hold it in proper restraint. Not so our strong Doctor. With him imagination is like a well-pruned grapevine; its irrepressible branches, not cut off, but trained over a trellis of good sense, he gathers from its rich clusters, and we find in them the precious flavor of divine truth. His recital of Sill's lines, where the king's son, finding a broken sword flung away by some disheartened warrior, won with it a great victory, was delightful, so vividly did a sympathetic voice and manner reproduce the scene.

The young people and children were not neglected; but these visitors gave them fine samples of service, and made the Sunday school hour profitable to all.

In the morning Brother Cruzan delighted us with a characteristic service and sermon. If one had no interest in the grand theme he presented, it would still be well worth while to see him use that strong dramatic talent for service in the Master's work. With a steady hand and eye, all his mental forces drive the truth home to human hearts. That Sabbath service prepared our hearts for the interchange of thought and feeling during the sessions that followed.

Dr. Willey made a model moderator, entering genially into all the discussions, as if it gave him great pleasure to hear all that might be said. Deacon S. S. Smith was greeted with special notice by his correspondents for THE PACIFIC. How pleasant he was to us all! Yes, he quite won our hearts, not alone for himself, but for the paper in which he is so deeply interested. Dr. Benton looks the studious, thoughtful, scholarly man he is—more to grasp his themes and analyze his subjects with thoroughness and care, for the benefit of his theological classes. Dr. Warren came in on Tuesday, full of irrepressible zeal for home missions. Breezy and impetuous, it is no wonder he takes by storm the hearts of our frank Western men, and is so often able to turn them over to his Master's care and training. One of the pleasures of this life is the renewing of old acquaintanceship, and Dr. Warren found more than one Galesburg schoolmate in Portland.

And how did our own true and tried pioneer brothers and sons compare with these famous men from California? Was their speech as smooth, their English as pure, their manners as courteous? Yea, verily!—all alike, in their whole appearance, were a credit to the Master whom they serve and whose wages they daily receive.

S. C. H.

FROM PORTLAND, OREGON.

The new Congregational church building at The Dalles will be dedicated on January 20th. Mr. Clapp has been invited, and consented, to preach the dedicatory sermon; also, to help raise the remainder of the funds due, so that the edifice may be consecrated with all claims paid. Mr. Clapp is acquiring considerable reputation as a Kimballizer, through repeated successful efforts in clearing off church debts, this making the fourth church he has materially assisted since February last.

Mr. Moody returned last Wednesday, in time to speak at the evening meeting. A very large audience greeted him. The singing was unusually good; solos were sung by Mr. Stebbins and Mrs. David Goodsell, who has a rich, full, alto voice. The effect of these was very impressive, and added much interest to the meeting. Indeed, these solos are a most touching and impressive feature in every meeting. Many are stirred to a better life by the power of consecrated song. Three meetings were held on Thursday and Friday, with increasing interest each time. To-day there will be four meetings; and a farewell meeting will take place to-morrow evening, to be continued until after midnight. This is to be a watch-night meeting. A number of persons will make addresses besides Mr. Moody, among them Judge Williams. It is greatly to be regretted that necessity calls for Mr. Moody's departure from us so soon, for the work here is in the height of its importance. In view of this fact, the ministers of the city, in their weekly meeting for consultation, after it was known that Mr. Moody must be in San Francisco on the 6th prox. without fail, decided that it would be for the best to continue the work, so auspiciously begun, each in their individual churches, as a further continuance of the union movement seemed impracticable. The subject was laid before the churches on Thursday night last, and, as far as known, all have decided to continue the meetings nightly through the coming week, and on through the Week of Prayer, and as much longer as the interest will warrant.

The wife of Rev. G. A. Rockwood still continues very ill, notwithstanding the best medical skill obtainable has been brought to bear upon her case. Mr. Rockwood's Sunday-school work is necessarily circumscribed thereby.

The pews of the First church were rented last night. A larger number were taken than ever before in the history of the church, at the first meeting of the year for that purpose, thus betokening increased attendance and activity in all church matters.

"Citizenship in Heaven," was Mr. Clapp's theme this morning, and his text was Philippians iii: 20. He made a strong appeal to professing Christians to become more fully identified with Christian work. There was a dignity and nobility about it that should cause us to esteem it a great privilege, let alone duty. That the ordinary agencies of church work were in accordance with his will, and would be blessed if engaged in with spirit and a purpose to magnify and make the most of the work of the Master. To do this, we must put our souls and all we are or expect to be into line, and constantly be looking for opportunities to persuade men to come to Christ. All in all, it was a fitting New Year's sermon, and was listened to by about as large an audience as the church would hold.

HISME.

Dec. 30, 1888.

A wide-awake Loyal Temperance Legion is connected with nearly every local Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Nevada.

Home Missionary.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

WOMAN'S STATE HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY

President, Mrs. M. L. Merritt, 635 Thirty-fourth St., Oakland.
Treasurer, Mrs. J. M. Haven, Highland Park, Oakland.
Secretary, Mrs. Mary L. F. Eastman, 516 Valencia street, San Francisco.
New societies being formed, please report themselves at once to the Secretary of the W. S. H. M.

WOMAN'S WORK IN HOME MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. MILLER OF OAKLAND.

Our State is cosmopolitan. Foreign born are coming in at the rate of thousands per month. The majority know but little of our laws and customs, and have but little sympathy with them. The great need is that they may be taught the fundamental truths of Christianity.

Michael Angelo, while giving to the world paintings of matchless beauty, still degraded art because he placed Christ no higher than the pagan gods of mythology. In the time of Augustus, Rome ruled the world. Rome was full of learning, but philosophers divided the palm with gladiators, and sensuality held full sway. Altars and shrines were dedicated to Bacchus and Venus, and might made right. Christianity had not yet dawned upon the world. What but Christianity can prevent such a state of things in this land? Even now are there not fifty altars to Bacchus where there is one to Christ in this professedly Christian land? But Christian women are reading, working, praying, not only in the temperance cause, but also in home missions. Women are enlarging their sphere of labor. Organized, systematic effort is already showing increase in ready money to be used in both home and foreign missions. To whom much is given of him is much required. We fail to realize our present blessings as contrasted with those of one or two hundred years ago, and the corresponding call upon us to spread these blessings to others. Just two hundred years ago the Stuart dynasty went out, and with it the fining and imprisoning of non-conformists. It has taken a long time for Protestantism to get back to the simplicity and purity of Christ's teachings. But to-day we may worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences. We have the privilege of reading God's Word ourselves, and of giving it to others. People are getting a relish for the pure word of God. Bible correspondence schools and a live missionary zeal are coming to the front. In Romans, 10th chapter, it is said: "But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh in this wise: Say not in thine heart, who shall ascend into heaven? that is, to bring Christ down from above, or who shall descend into the deep? that is, to bring Christ again from the dead. But what saith it? The Word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thine heart. That is the word of faith which we preach. * * * Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved. How, then, shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in him whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent? Even as it is written, how beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of good things!"

It is about forty years since the first Protestant ministers found their way to this Coast. Services were held in any room or building that could be procured; luxuries and comforts were dispensed with in view of the need of Christian effort and example and the grand possibilities of the future. Could this El Dorado be brought into harmony with God's laws? San Francisco then consisted of sand dunes; together with the very mixed population came a few good Christians, who began to organize churches; and to-day, thank God! many Christian temples rear their spires, not only in cities, but in frontier towns as well. A large proportion of the churches in the interior towns are mission churches, which, but for the aid given them, would never have existed.

With all this encouraging work, there is still a great need. New communities and towns are springing up in out-of-the-way places. Most of the population have limited means, and the longer they are without religious influences, the less they feel their need. This work in frontier towns is often discouraging. Years ago we were called suddenly to a settlement in the Sierras to attend a relative who was nearly killed in an earthquake. Sunday was marked there by being more boisterous, more trading, more drinking, racing, card-playing and swearing than on week days. We wondered if nothing could be done for the children fluttering about the streets like butterflies. After considerable urging, three of the mothers of families consented to take classes if the children could be persuaded to come. The only school building was a small, dilapidated adobe, at least half a mile across the hot sand and alkali dust of the desert. About nine children came by request, and half a dozen larger boys to throw stones and make things interesting generally. On the next Sunday the helpers failed to appear, and we invited the children for our own house. We provided flowers for all who came; got up a bazaar and raised money to partly pay for a parlor organ, and had a praise service for the children every Sunday afternoon and, generally, one evening in the week. On the following Christmas we had a concert. The Jews, who had been afraid I might baptize their children before they knew it, and Papists, who feared the influence of the Bible, sent their

children to learn the songs and participate in the concert. We had English, French and Spanish songs. We secured a brass band, temporarily in town, besides a guitar and our organ. The concert was a great success—the best of it being in the impressions made by the Gospel and temperance songs. A lively girl, eight years of age, sang a thrilling temperance song with great ease and effect. Her father, who kept the principal hotel in the place, was so profoundly impressed that he went home, closed his bar and vowed he would sell no more whisky to make drunkards. The part of the town where the Sunday-school was held soon became more quiet and orderly on Sundays.

Every man or woman going into these new localities may do good work if they have the willing heart. Within the last forty years hundreds of churches have been formed; still, the good work is but just begun.

Our State Woman's Missionary Society is doing all a child of one year old is expected to do. Did all Christians now resident in this State realize the possible results to this State and humanity, of individual and united effort, millions of dollars now expended in criminal prosecutions could be poured into gospel channels. In this State there are now 120 places or more of from 100 to 500 people destitute of all religious services. In every one of them saloons are doing the work night and day. What we refuse to pay for the Gospel, we are compelled to pay in the form of taxes for damages flowing upon us from whisky. The question is, which way shall our money be spent? Paul, in Phil. 4th chapter, says, "Help those women that labored with me in the Gospel," and speaks of such labors and offerings as "an odor of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God."

When so much is to be done, can those who believe themselves God's children refuse or, what amounts to the same, neglect to do the work? When to-day we celebrate with songs, flowers and orations, in a land flowing with milk and honey, the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, it is fitting that we remember at what cost of privations, suffering, faith and prayer they gave to us such a goodly heritage. Let us try and hold it for the generations to come. We live in a time when events move rapidly. If we hold these blessings with a lax hand, it needs not the spirit of prophecy to see that days of peril and doom are near at hand.

Religious Intelligence.

PACIFIC COAST.

The Bay Association will hold a meeting on Monday, January 14th, at 1.30 p. m. in the Y. M. C. A. parlor.

At the meeting of the Monday Club, Rev. W. H. Cooke of Oakland presented the theme, "Christian Nurture and Child Training." It gave rise to quite an interesting conversation.

Next Monday the subject will be "The Churches and the Salvation Army." It will be opened by Rev. J. A. Cruzan.

Christmas festivals have been the order of the day during the past week. Plymouth church in this city had theirs on last Thursday and Friday. The Green-street church held theirs for the Sunday-school on Thursday night, and for their two Mission schools on Friday night.

Pastor Barrows of the First church preached Sabbath evening on "The Influence of the Past on the Present."

"Preparation for Death" was the theme on which Rev. W. H. Sudder addressed the people in Plymouth church Sabbath morning.

"Paul's Backward Look" was the topic of discourse Lord's Day morning by Rev. J. A. Cruzan at the Third church. At night his theme was "A Look into the Future." The congregations were large.

Rev. E. P. Baker, formerly of the Third church in this city, has recently returned from the East.

There were about one hundred present at the Christmas festival in Rev. F. J. Culver's field. The general outlook is brightening in that locality.

The annual Christmas festival of the Woman's Union Mission to Chinese women and children will be held in the Chinese Presbyterian church, on Stockton street, Thursday, January 3d, at 2 p. m. All interested in the welfare of the school are cordially invited.

Rev. Brother Ives was recently called to be pastor of our church at Paradise. He is a live man, and is doing full work. And his good wife, although an invalid unable to move about, except in a wheel chair, is the liveliest woman in the "northern citrus belt"; she can do more church work than a half-dozen ordinary women. The church is prospering. The people are inquiring after THE PACIFIC—a good sign.

At the annual meeting of the Stockton Congregational church, Rev. E. J. Riggs was unanimously invited to continue his services as acting pastor. The Treasurer's report gives a more encouraging exhibit of the church finances than has been made for years. The outlook is decidedly promising, and the people are happy and hopeful.

Rev. A. L. Rankin officiated at Ocean View. He presented a "Review of the Past Year."

John Currie, the Scotch Evangelist, will begin revival meetings with the Market-street church, Oakland, next Sunday morning.

"The Barren Fig Tree," and "Mine Eyes Have Seen Thy Salvation," were the subjects on which Rev. W. H. Merrill preached at Market-street church, Oakland.

Rev. W. F. Bickford of Lorin has been on the sick list. Rev. W. A. Tenney occupied the pulpit for him last Sabbath, and preached on "The Good Choice."

The Golden Gate church, Oakland, has lately been renovated and improved in various ways. Interesting reports are given of the work in that field, and the pastor, Rev. W. H. Cooke, is much encouraged. His subject Sunday morning was, "Then Cometh the End." There was a Christmas praise service at night.

Rev. Dr. Stratton, President of Mills College, filled the pulpit in Alameda Sunday morning. Pastor Scudder preached at night.

"Good Tidings of Great Joy" was the theme of Rev. G. B. Allen's discourse Sunday morning at San Lorenzo. At night he preached on "The Influence of the Past on the Future."

Mr. Dorward of the Seminary filled the pulpit at Crockett.

Rev. Professor Moor tendered his resignation as pastor of Plymouth avenue church, Oakland, last Sabbath, to take effect March 1st. Ill health and heavy duties as Professor in the Theological Seminary, and in other ways, have led him to seek relief from this pastorate so dear to him, and which he has held since the organization of that church, fifteen years ago.

It was good to see our faithful Secretary, Rev. George Morris, at the Club last Monday, after an absence of some weeks in the southern part of the State.

Rev. W. H. Tubb of Byron won the prize offered by the Martinez Item for the best Christmas story. There were twenty-one contestants.

The congregation of the Union church at San Lorenzo has extended a call to the Rev. George B. Allen to its pastorate.

The address of Rev. G. A. Rockwood, Superintendent Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society for Oregon, is at Willsburgh, Or.

Rev. L. J. Garver was at Petaluma preaching morning and evening. His subjects were "Immanuel" and "The Old and the New." The audiences were good; he will preach there again next Sabbath.

OLYMPIA, W. T.—The church is expecting a new pastor from Michigan—Rev. J. R. Chaplin, who comes with his family to begin the new year.

Rev. J. B. Silcox preached at San Diego last Sunday week on "The City Saloon and the City Council." A petition, which originated in the Ministerial Association of that city, had been extensively signed and presented to the Council, requesting the Council to pass an ordinance prohibiting the sale of liquor from 11 o'clock Saturday night until Monday morning. The sermon was in the interest of that petition, and was a strong plea for temperance. We have not yet learned of the action of the Council.

We have not referred to the difficulties into which Rev. John F. Hooper, formerly at Martinez and Stockton, has fallen. The issue is a sad one, and we only state the action of the Classis of New York (Reformed Church) at a meeting of the Classis December 10th. His pastoral relation at Mott Haven was dissolved, and he requested a dismission to the Classis of Illinois. The request for dismission was denied, because Mr. Hooper had allowed his wife's suit for divorce to go by default, and a meeting was called for December 13th to consider whether he should not be suspended from the ministry. Mr. Hooper was not present at this meeting, but sent a letter alleging ill health, withdrawing request for letter of dismission, and asking to be dropped from the roll. The Classis denied this, and suspended him from the ministry, charging him with having "lied and deceived" also, as to the suit. We are sorry to be obliged to record this result. Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. I. N. Waterman of Oakdale has received a call to the Ukiah church; also to a church in Philadelphia.—There have been over thirty hopeful conversions in Tustin.

METHODIST.—Dr. Anthony recently gave an interesting lecture on astronomy in Marysville.—Rev. Dr. Otis Gibson still lingers in a helpless condition.—It is estimated that the Oakland Methodists will raise \$50,000 this year for new churches.

MILLS COLLEGE.

Mills College re-opens on Wednesday, January 9, 1889.

The last term was one of real prosperity in all respects. The new building, College Hall, was filled at once with students. Quite a number came from the East. Such came for a better climate and just as good advantages here as they have East.

At the close of the term Mrs. Mills was presented with a handsome gold watch and chain, inscribed "Mrs. C. T. Mills, from the Faculty of Mills College, 1888." President Stratton also received a very fine copy of the Sistine Madonna, from the same source. The little Lake "Aliso," constructed during the last term, is now a pretty sheet of water, adding to the beauty of the landscape and to the irrigation supply. It covers two acres of ground.

THE SOLIDARITY OF THE THEATER.

BY REV. M. WILLETT.

Two religious papers of high standing, we are told of late—the *Christian Union* and the *Evangelist*—believe that Christian people ought to support the best plays, and thus help to make the theater better. Says the *Christian Union*: "The question so often asked, 'Do you approve of the theater?' is irrational, and in itself demoralizing. There is no 'theater' theater. If we were to ask, 'Do you approve of the book?' you would answer, 'What book?' or 'the picture,' 'What picture?' or 'the newspaper,' 'What newspaper?' or even 'the preacher,' 'What preacher?' The question naturally arises, Is this good argument? If it will bear the test of careful consideration, then, as a principle, it ought to be capable of application in those numerous cases of conscience, which are constantly arising in our theater-going cities and towns. Suppose we should inquire how this argument would work in the case of the Coquelin French company, recently playing at the Baldwin Theater, San Francisco. We will exercise our imaginations strenuously enough to suppose that in the repertoire of this company there is one good play that would bring no blush to the cheek of innocence, and put no soil upon the claims of righteousness—its laughter not mad, its tragedy not heaven-defying. It requires quite a violation of the probabilities to suppose this, but we are now in the humor to be generous. Would it be right, the question now arises, to attend that play? Common-sense would teach us that whatever financially aids that play sustains the company, and that whatever by example gives standing to this association of actors for one evening gives them countenance for all evenings. No single play can be divorced from the character of the troupe which puts it upon the boards in association with other plays. The Coquelin French company is an institution. We must determine, therefore, the atmosphere and general character of that institution before we can intelligently decide the question of attendance upon any given play. Let us note, therefore, the nature of a few of the representations already advertised as soliciting the patronage of San Francisco, and for which thousands of dollars have already been paid, in way of season tickets. At the time of writing this article, the dramatic critic has thrown the light of his presence and comment upon only the first night of the Company's engagement. The second piece of the evening was termed "Les Surprises du Divorce." M. Coquelin throws the glamour of his delightful art over the story of a man cursed with an unbearable mother-in-law. He secures a divorce from his wife to rid himself of her mother. It is to be trusted that this very original ground for the severing of the marriage-tie did not escape the notice of that crowded school of virtue—Baldwin Theater. He then marries the daughter of a widower, and is congratulating himself on the happy result, when his father-in-law turns up married to the woman he was divorced from, and he has his old mother-in-law added to a rather fast father-in-law. They threaten to come to fistfuls several times, and once the mother-in-law slaps his face, and he, in an attempt to slap hers, gives the slap to his wife. The dramatic critic stops here to tell us that, though this delightful bit of domestic manners sounds like a rough piece of play, it is not really as rough as it sounds.

And now we are almost forced to this bit of reflection: We have a genial soul, a mobile face, a discipline iron-like in its industry and determination, manners most easy and fascinating, all devoted to the impersonation of characters like these—mean, unwholesome, and when found in real life, the rottenness of society. If Michael Angelo had devoted his genius and industry to moulding figures in mud, fashioning unworthy attitudes into pleasing shape for the distraction of the hour, his figures of mud to wash down into slime and pool in the public streets when the hour had been filled, he would not have given a more striking illustration of the perverse use of great genius and industry than M. Coquelin in cultivating such powers for the impersonation of such characters, calculated to arouse the cabination of the fool, to stain the fancy of the unschooled and innocent.

To show that this assertion is not without ground, and that this French company has given perhaps its most innocent play in "Les Surprises du Divorce," let us note several of the coming roles. We take those that are more commonly placed upon the boards in order to keep within the guidance of the ordinary dramatic critic, as the more reconduct of these French plays demands a knowledge of the French theatre little commendable in any man's intelligence. What says the critic about "Camille"? "A beautiful creature, thrown by circumstances and the loss of her parents into a course of voluptuous living, falls in love at last, and suddenly becomes conscious of the hollowness of the pleasures in which she has basked. She goes and lives in seclusion with her lover, but without marriage, secretly selling her property to maintain the establishment. He hears of this, and is smitten with dreadful anguish at the infamy. But the infamy is not his illicit passion. It is her payment of the bills. And his effort to wash out the stain leads to further situations." It almost soils the pages of a religious paper to reveal such a plot, but there are people who call themselves religious who probably went to hear M.

Coquelin and Mme. Jane Hading dish up in artistic elegance just such a mess of nastiness. You can not change the nature of carrion by tabling it upon damask and china.

Now about Frou-Frou. The dramatic critic says: "Frou-Frou is the heroine. She is of great brilliancy and frivolity. Her hand is sought by a count, who confessed to the father, on coming to talk marriage, that he has a mistress in his own dwelling, but that he left voluptuousness at home to follow virtue. And so the play goes on. Frou-Frou marries a man she does not love, who gets content, at last, to have her 'more Frou-Frou than ever.' And she, at last, abandons husband and child, running away with the aforesaid count. Then comes trouble, sickness, remorse, forgiveness, death. The play is full of compromising situations and allusions too indecent to be transcribed, and some of the suggestions are positively infamous." It seems worth the while to outline such a play, if for no other reason that we may know something about the spirit of the age in which we live, for there are hundreds of people in San Francisco and from neighboring towns who spent their money lavishly to steep themselves in just such thoughts and situations during the last weeks. Nob Hill goes to school to Dupont street. Whoever goes to hear plays by this company, that are more worthy and decent, helps to sustain an institution that fosters the ideas and morals of the bagnio. Not only so, but whatever enjoyment is secured must be attained at the expense of the actors. What Christian is justified in pleasures that come through the moral and spiritual deterioration of the players?

A recent English writer computes that Mr. Henry Irving has committed at least fifteen thousand murders on the stage, while Mr. Barry Sullivan has added at least two thousand more stage murders than this to his list; that Mr. Charles Wyndham has been divorced from twenty-eight hundred wives—on the stage; that Mrs. Bancroft has, in the same public place, been foully betrayed and abducted thirty-two hundred times; that Miss Ada Cavendish has been betrayed, deserted or abducted fifty-six hundred times; and so on all along the list of popular actors.

The actor must merge himself in order to succeed in the evil character he is portraying, and the more perfect the loss of his own personality and the assumption of the role he has taken, the more perfect his success. What must be the effect, then, upon Mme. Jane Hading of such roles as "Camille" and "Frou-Frou"? The support by any one at any play of the French company involves, then, the support of a woman great in gifts of person and genius in the utter discarding and soiling of her womanhood. Hear Charlotte Brontë's graphic but terrible description of the peerless Rachel's acting in the part of Phèdre—a part that might be fitly written down as more commendable than the role of Frou-Frou: "For a while—a long while—I thought that it was only a woman, though a unique woman, who moved in might and grace before this multitude. By and by I recognized my mistake. Behold! I found upon her something neither of woman nor of man; in each of her eyes sat a devil. These evil forces bore her through the tragedy, kept up her feeble strength—for she was but a frail creature—and, as the action rose, how wildly they shook her with the passion of the pit! They wrote hell on her straight, haughty brow. They turned her voice to the note of torment. They writhed her regal face to a demoniac mask. Hate and murder and madness incarnate, she stood."

To take delight in any exhibition that causes any woman or man to think, feel and act like the impure, devilish or ungodly, is to evidence a hellish transformation of self, and that is to abide where Satan's zeal is. A conscientious Christian ought to feel that an institution, based in the main upon such impersonations and transformations, has about it the atmosphere of Anti-Christ. It is the merest quibbling to assert that one play can be separated from another, as one book from another. It were more to the point to compare a play to a chapter in a book, and to inquire whether a conscientious man would wish to purchase and place within reach of his wife and children a book where ten chapters out of twelve were full of indecency and description of satanic emotions, for the sake of the few remaining pages of pure, idyllic thought. This comparison is especially true in cases where theatres are run from month to month by constant stock-companies.

Such a company might to-day present "Little Lord Fontleroy," with the aid possibly of one or two imported stars, but to-morrow they might grind out the usual modicum of French trash and vulgar sensationalism, and the money paid to hear the one falls into the till of the institution that supports the others.

Over and over again, in the great cities of the East and Europe, the endeavor has been made to establish a reformed theatre where only Shakespearean dramas and worthy plays by worthy actors would be sustained, and just as repeatedly has the attempt failed through lack of public support.

There is not one single chaste dramatic house that has stood the test of time without allowing filth on its boards," says Herrick Johnson. A reformed theatre was attempted in Philadelphia and failed. Booth sunk a large fortune in New York in such an attempt. Wal-lack's Theater started out with the purpose of holding forth only the chaste, the splendid and the legitimate, but had to yield to the public demand for the

French, sensual and vulgar. San Francisco has never had the grace to even venture upon such an endeavor, and a consecutive examination of the comments of the dramatic critics for any given number of months for any theater in that city will convince any man open to conviction at all that to patronize any one of these establishments is simply to help in sustaining a school of vice and unrighteousness. It is impossible to make a claim more brazen, false and stultifying than to call any theater in San Francisco a school of virtue; and if the object of acting is to hold the mirror up to nature, then the reflections seen upon the stage in that city are of nature considerably undraped, commonly vitiated, and anything but heavenly. It is very unfortunate that, in the light of these facts, the *Christian Union* should speak of any one play as a picture. Any one play cannot stand or fall by itself as a picture may, to be judged upon its individual merits and segregated from others in the privacy of a home. If a play is to be regarded in the light of a painting, then it must be regarded as belonging to a school of painting, and in the main, as has been shown in the case of the Coquelin Company, that school is French, fleshly, Satanic. It is still more unfortunate that the *Christian Union* should speak of the theater in terms of the Church. Is it true that it is proper, concerning the theater or the actor, to ask what theater or what actor, just as concerning the church or the preacher, what church and what preacher?

What church is there of any denomination that would fill its pulpit with disciples of Ingersoll for nine Sabbaths out of ten, and then expect the support of Christian people because occasionally some intelligent evangelist or other proclaimed the gospel of the grace of God? What church could continue to exist in any community the nature of whose teachings were so bad that men would be constrained to say of it as Booth did of the institution he represents so ably and so exceptionally: "I can not allow my wife or daughter to hear any play which I have not either first heard or examined?" Let men draw what false comparisons they will between the Church and the theater; it is apparent on the very surface that the Church does hold its ministry to a strict morality, but no one ever heard of an actor who was turned out of his calling, however unblushing his viciousness; and that men do know that churches have a solidarity of doctrine from which their public teachers do not depart, while the morality and inculcations of the playhouse are about as vagrant as the three hundred foxes Samson tied tail to tail and sent speeding through the standing corn and vineyards of the Philistines. Take it for all in all, the Church stands for a solidarity of truth and virtue; take it for all in all, the theater stands for a solidarity of error and vice.

One evidence of this may be found in the all but solid testimony of the church, age after age, assembly after assembly, council after council, down to the strong deliverances of the present time, affirming the duty of Christians to come out and be separate from play-houses and all their appurtenances.

EASTERN WASHINGTON.

The Atahnam Congregational church held a Thanksgiving festival, which was well attended, proved very pleasant, and netted over fifty dollars for the new churchyard fence which is being built. Certain members of the church take turns in reading one of Talmage's sermons every other Sabbath, when the pastor preaches at North Yakima. The arrangement, so far, is quite satisfactory. Both these churches are prosperous, under the efficient ministry of Rev. F. McConaughy. No doubt, each of these churches will require the entire service of a minister soon.

The church at Ellensburg worships in the Christian church. The outlook is promising. A house for worship will be built in the early spring. The services since the 1st of November have, upon the whole, been well attended. The population of the town is rapidly increasing. The ladies of the church and Society have organized an Aid Society. Lately the Social Committee gave a concert, which netted the Society \$32. This was the first entertainment the ladies ever gave for this Society.

The United States census of 1880 gives but 3,456 women employed as "printers, lithographers and stereotypers," while there are 69,270 men. The *American Bookmaker* states that, in an engraving published by Jodocus Badius in Paris, in 1520, only some eighty years after the invention of printing, showing the interior of a printing-office, there are three persons at work—one man pulling the press, another rocking the ink-balls, and a woman setting type.

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I believe in my papa,
Who loves me—oh, so dearly!
I believe in Santa Claus,
Who comes to see me yearly.
I believe the birds talk
On the boughs together;
I believe the fairies dance
O'er the fields of heather;
I believe my dolly knows
Every word that's spoken;
I believe it hurts her, too,
When her nose is broken.
Oh! I believe in lots of things—
I can't tell all the rest—
But I believe in you, Mamma,
First, and last, and best!
—St. Nicholas.

THE WELCOME GUEST.

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Steuben, slowly, "you may invite Harry for a week if you like. Be sure to say a week in your letter."

This was in answer to her son's urgent request. He wanted to see his old friend again, whom he had known two years before in the city, and there was no way to do it unless Harry could visit him. Both the boys were fourteen years old, and had once been neighbors and friends, until the Steubens moved to a small town on the seashore. After that the boys knew of each other only by letters.

Mrs. Steuben had her own housework to do, and it was midsummer, a time which tried all her strength and will-power. There would be another room to attend to, another person to cook for, besides the little extra niceties and the effort to entertain which would be due to a guest. But she loved her boy, and he wanted Harry. Papa was willing, grandpa made no objection, and little Lottie danced up and down with a child's love of company.

So Harry came. He had grown in the two years, and looked quite a young man, Mrs. Steuben thought, as he walked up the path with the valise. This made her a little more nervous about her household arrangements; and there was the mercury already above ninety.

But Harry was only a boy yet, after all. He and Fred were soon running races in the yard, and trying to see which could jump farthest. Then they went off for a long walk around the town, and came back tired and dusty from their tramp. Harry went up to his room to wash, and presently Mrs. Steuben saw him refilling his pitcher at the well.

"That's good!" she thought; "I was just thinking I should have to take up more water before bedtime."

The next morning Harry came early downstairs, before Fred had thought of stirring. Mrs. Steuben was busy in the kitchen. He said good morning briefly, and sat down by the window where it was cool. Presently there was a rap at the door.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Steuben, "here are my hands all in the flour!"

"I'll go," said Harry.

It was a neighbor bringing a fine head of lettuce. Harry received it in his hands, with the dirt clinging to the roots, and instead of asking where he should put it, said:

"I'll take this out to the well and wash it for you, Mrs. Steuben."

When he brought it back thoroughly washed, with the roots and torn leaves removed, Mrs. Steuben said, impulsively:

"What a helpful boy you are, Harry!"

She was very much impressed when, during the forenoon, she went from room to room making beds, to find Harry's room looking as neat and orderly as if he had not slept in it. The bed was made, the bureau set in order, and the boy had hung his best suit carefully away in the closet.

"When would Fred ever think of such a thing?" Mrs. Steuben asked herself.

Each day Harry, without making any ado, found some way of helping. If anything were suddenly wanted from the store, Harry cheerfully offered to go. Sometimes he brought in wood, sometimes he got a pail of water. He seemed to enjoy every moment, whether in the house or off on some trip. Fred took him to every point of interest in the neighborhood, and Mrs. Steuben was encouraged to propose rowing on the river when she saw how strong and how capable Harry was in all he undertook. She went rowing herself with the boys, and was not afraid to let Lottie go, too.

One day as she was looking at an old splint-bottomed chair in the corner, Harry said:

"My mother had a chair like that, and she got some white paint and painted it all over white, with little gold bands around the legs and around parts of the back. Then she made a peacock blue cushion for it, and set it in the parlor. You might do that, Mrs. Steuben. It is very pretty when it is done."

Mrs. Steuben decided on the instant that she would do it, and felt grateful to Harry for the suggestion. Another time, when the ice man was bringing in ice, Harry mentioned that his mother always wrapped ice in old newspapers when she put it away, and this made it last a good deal longer.

Harry's week was extended to two weeks by Mrs. Steuben's especial request, and she told her own boy privately the reason why.

"He makes so little trouble, Fred!" she said, "and he is so cheerful and obliging. I fairly enjoy giving him a good time, and I am going to have a picnic for you all on the shore before he goes. Now if you ever visit anywhere yourself, dear, remember and try to be

like Harry. Then you will always be welcome and find friends."

She was a little touched the next day, when she went to Fred's room, to find that her own boy had been making up his bed! He had begun already, and in various little helpful ways, awkwardly at first, but very naturally and deftly afterward, he showed his willingness to be of service to others, even as his boy guest had been.—*Youth's Companion.*

HOUSEKEEPING BOYS.

There were four boys in the family whose activity was exhausting. The mother was a wise little woman, who believed that much ill directed force might be utilized by a judicious division of labor, which would spare her nerves and increase the family comfort.

So the oldest boy washed dishes when he was just tall enough to wear his mother's apron tied around his neck. He swept, dusted, and even cooked a little. If storms or sickness kept them in the house, they were given needles, thread and thimbles, and taught to replace buttons, and set at other slight repairing which they learned to do quite skillfully.

When the third brother (who is the hero of this story) had grown to fit the apron, the first was honorably released. His deft-handed successor, more ambitious or more teachable, became that rarest of artists, a good plain cook who was welcome at campings-out and other festivities of a Bohemian character. He was undaunted by biscuit and triumph over steak. This "third brother" could also mend neatly, and even made his own neckties to afford himself more variety.

A time came when this training was worth a small salary. He found himself with an invalid wife, a boy of three years and a hand so badly injured that he was obliged to change his employment. Something suited to his altered circumstances was not easily or quickly found—but the man who had washed dishes had other resources.

He did not, as well-meaning friends advised, give up his home and waste his substance on hired nurses and boarding-houses.

Through a whole discouraging year of waiting, he nursed the sick wife, cooked for the small family and kept the house bright and tidy with an occasional day's help. When the right position was offered at last, and the housekeeping fell again into natural channels, it was evident that a man could assist his own family without loss of dignity, and, at the same time, avoid the discomfort and, perhaps, debt caused by additional cares, while the real care-taker was unable to meet them.

In a partnership each member of the firm should be able to perform, or at least direct, the other's work; and there is no reason why a man should not understand some of the details of housekeeping, or a woman learn to drive a nail straight and use a saw if necessary.—*Wide Awake.*

"DON'T! DON'T!"

"Don't! don't!" a little voice seemed to say, clear and strong, in Harry's ear. The two cents lay on the window-seat; some one had forgotten them. Two cents' worth of candy came right up before Harry's eyes, and in a moment he had put out his hand to take the cents.

But that "Don't! don't!" Who spoke? He turned and looked. No one was in the room. The door was open, but no one was in the entry.

"Nobody can see," he said to himself. "Thou God seest me," said the voice. "Nobody'll know where they've gone," said Harry.

"Thou shalt not steal," the voice said again.

Harry was frightened at himself, and ran away as fast as he could. He was saved from a great sin and trouble. If he had taken those two pennies, he would most likely have taken more another time, and not been so frightened about it, either.

I knew a boy who stole a ten-cent piece once. He felt very badly about it. He was so ashamed that he did not know what to do. Not long after he had a chance to steal again. He did, and that time it was not half so hard. So he went on and on, and at sixteen years of age he was in prison.

What voice was that which said, "Don't! don't?" That was conscience—God's voice in the soul. Always listen to the voice that bids you keep God's commandments.—*Sunday-school Evangelist.*

AN IRRESISTIBLE DEMAND.—My dog was held for ransom, and Pat was sent to rescue him.

"Pat," said I, "did you tell the man that if he did not give up the dog at once, I would have him arrested?"

"Oh did that same, sorr."

"What did you say to him?"

"Oi told him just what yez told me to tell him. Oi went there where he had the dog, and oi sez to him, oi sez, 'The boss sez, sez oi, 'av yez not disgorge that dog,' sez oi, 'he sez he'll have the law on yez, sez he, that's what he sez, sez oi.'"

"And did he disgorge the dog, Pat?"

"To wanst, sorr."—*Harper's Magazine.*

PHOTOGRAPHIC PROGRESS.—Among recent camera achievements is a portrait copy taken by the light of a Cuban firefly in thirty seconds, and a photograph of the aurora borealis. To obtain the latter had been declared an utter impossibility.

GIRLS WHO WHISTLE.

It used to be considered "a bad sign" for girls to whistle, and many a prudent mother has checked the rising tendency in her girls to indulge in this delightful pastime. We have always done what we could to break down the superstition about "whistling girls." A writer in the *New York Sun* speaks thus on the subject:

"The best whistlers I know are young ladies. It is like the warbling of the mocking-bird. They can whistle much higher notes than a man, and in a very clear and bell-like tone. I know a young lady who whistles and accompanies herself on the guitar. The effect is really very pretty, and her friends often beg her to favor them with an air. I met her down at Nantucket last summer, and it was her habit to sit on the beach in the evening and whistle plaintive Negro melodies. When she went out sailing, she was very welcome for the same reason. I think she whistled her way into the affections of a very desirable young man, and I hear they are engaged. A New York girl was quite indignant when asked why girls couldn't whistle. 'Can't whistle?' said she. 'Why they can whistle! All the girls I know whistle. Up at Vassar we had whistling concerts. We used to practice at night in the dormitories when the monitor was gone and the lights were out; and if you weren't very sleepy it was fun to lie in bed and hear ten girls whistle. 'In the Gloaming' all together. We had one girl who could whistle through her fingers like a boy, but then she was a regular tom-boy. She could run, play ball, climb trees, and box better than any other girl in the college. There was another girl who could only whistle by drawing in her breath, but that was better than not whistling at all."

The principal of a young ladies' school, when asked what she thought of whistling, said: "I see no harm in young ladies whistling, if they do it at the right time and in the right place. Young ladies should avoid publicity above all things, and should, therefore, not whistle where it would attract the attention of strangers. If a girl whistles at home and whistles in tune, and in such a way as not to disturb any one, she accomplishes two good results. She adds to her own cheerfulness and keeps her mouth pursed up, which has a tendency to make it small. My experience has been that the girls who whistle are the brightest and cleverest girls in the school. It is the dull and stupid girl who does not whistle."—*Pacific Health Journal.*

THE CANDLE OF THE LORD.

Fred was taking off his shoe and stocking, getting ready to go to bed. His shoe was wet, and five little water-soaked toes with seams and wrinkles all over their pink faces looked at him accusingly. If they could have spoken they would have said, "You got us wet, you did. You told a lie; you said you did not step into the brook."

Oh! that beautiful brook, so near the school-house, with such lovely stepping-stones, such pretty little lily pads skipping about over the water, such charming mud in which to paddle! Why could it not run in some other part of the town so little school-boys would not be tempted?

Fred threw his shoe and stocking under the bed, said his prayers, without mentioning the lie, and went to bed.

"I know I told a lie about it, but I don't believe I will think of it," he said to himself, and while he was trying to give his whole mind to some other subject, he fell asleep. He dreamed that a beautiful angel stood by his bed, with a bright candle. He said, "This is the candle of the Lord. I have come to search out all the sins that little boys keep hid away in their hearts, and do not confess. This candle shines right upon them."

Then Fred's heart was all lighted up, and there was found the lie, unforgotten, unconfessed.

"This is very sad," said the angel. "The good Lord loves him, and is ready to forgive that sin if he will confess it. It grieves Him so much to have little Fred cover it up," and the candle shone very bright, and the sin looked very black.

"I hope," continued the angel, "that now this little boy knows he cannot hide the lie any longer, he will ask the Lord to forgive him."

Fred woke with a start, and knelt down, and confessed his sin. He went in his night-gown to his mother's room, and as he clasped his arms around her neck, and told her all about it, he promised with God's help, never to tell another lie.—*Christie Pearl in Pansy.*

KINDLY THOUGHT.

No gift is ever so welcome as is the remembrance of the loving kindness which suggested it. Any attention, indeed, should be the symbol of a cordial feeling, which is of more value than the act itself. The recipient of the kindness mentioned in the following story was, according to his own testimony, not more grateful for being made physically comfortable than for the evidence that he was regarded as a "man and a brother."

Said a big brakeman, as he pointed at a fine-looking man who was walking up and down the platform at a railroad station:

"That's the President of the Railroad, and I came over on his private car to-day. I got up pretty late this morning, and had to run five or six blocks to catch my train, an' didn't even have time to get my breakfast. Well, I was on the

rear end of the 'special' when he and his party were eatin' dinner. Well, you can believe I was surprised when the colored steward, with a white apron, came out after they were through dinner, and said:

"Have you had your dinner yet, brakeman?"

"No," said I. "I didn't have time to get it before we started."

"Well," he said, "dat gen'lman, de President, told me foh to ax you, an' if you hadn't to ax you in."

"Good for you!" says I. "I'm as hungry as a bear."

"Jes' wait a minute," says he, "and I'll done call you."

"An' if he didn't go in an' clear off that table, an' fix it up for me as nice as if I'd been Jay Gould himself! Now, it wasn't so much the dinner that takes me as the fact of his thinkin' of it, and carin' whether a poor, hungry brakeman had anything to eat or not."—*Youth's Companion.*

HIS NAME WAS IN THE DIRECTORY.

Lately much attention has been directed to the need of reform in the method of securing jurors. The following is the experience of one of our boys. We give it in his own words: "Last year I was foolish enough to think it smart to have my name in the directory, so I had it put in. All went well for a while, and I received circulars from all over the country both for myself and also for Mrs. —, people supposing that a person who had his name in the directory must necessarily have a wife. But one day when down town at business, on coming back to the office, after having been out over an hour, I was surprised to find a gentleman who had been waiting for me just about one hour, and on asking his business he seemed to be very much surprised, and said that I could not be the person for whom he was looking, but on being assured that I was the only person of that name in the office, he handed me a slip of paper carefully folded, which, on opening, I found to be a summons to serve as grand juror in the supreme court. As there was a fine of \$300 for not appearing at the court on the day and at the hour named in the summons, I concluded to appear. On the day appointed I went to the post-office building, where the court was held, and after having to show my summons to the door-keeper, to prove that I was not 'monkeying' with him (as he termed it), I took my place among the other persons who had been summoned, and answered to my name on the roll. When the judge asked for those who had excused to offer for not serving as jurors, I took my place among several others, and took the prescribed oath. When it came my turn to give my excuse, and I told the judge my age, he could hardly refrain from laughing outright, as every body else in the room was doing. He excused me, of course. After getting out of this scrape I thought that I would not be troubled any more, and firmly resolved not to have my name in the directory again; but such was not my fate. One morning I received by mail a tax notice, informing me that my personal property outside of bank stock was valued at \$3,000, and that if this was not the case I must go before the tax commissioner, and swear to the right amount. As I had no idea that I possessed any such property, I went to the proper person and swore it off. I am patiently awaiting developments, expecting at any moment to get a new summons or notice of some kind. My name will never be in the directory again if I can help it."—*Association Notes.*

SUMNER'S POVERTY.

Mr. Sumner always lived within his income, and never incurred a debt that he had not the means of paying at the time it became due. Within his income he was first just, then generous. During his first term in the Senate he was dependent upon his pay as Senator and a little copyright money for his support, although during a portion of that time he added somewhat to his income by lectures. In his latter days, however, he was rendered somewhat easier in circumstances by a small fortune that came to him from the successive deaths of several relatives. For much of his life he was a poor man in straightened circumstances, but he would never be obliged to any one for anything but kindness. He would not allow another to pay any expense that he incurred, not even a horse-car fare. In stumping during the presidential election, he would never allow the congressman in whose district he spoke, and who was to be benefited most by his efforts, to pay even his railroad fare. He was no gift-taker; he would interchange gifts as well as kind offices with others, but the balance of the obligation was never allowed to remain on his side. His generosity to the servants of the houses in which he lived was proverbial. Sam Ward said that he lived like a pauper but gave like a king. No one can wonder that the servants even temporarily in his employ were attached to him, when his consideration for, as well as his generosity to them, is fully understood. But with all he kept within his income, barely, it may be, but still within. He was scrupulously conscientious, and never took a doubtful dollar.—*Cosmopolitan.*

Once there was lying by the side of the ditch a pig; on the other side lay a man. The pig was sober, the man was drunk. The pig had a ring in his nose, the man had a ring on his finger. Some one passing exclaimed, so that the pig heard it, "One is judged from the company he keeps." Instantly, the pig rose and went away.

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Come, blessed Holy Spirit,
And fill our hearts with love.
Impart thy sevenfold graces
And lead our souls above.
No good can we accomplish
Unless thou givest aid,
But with thy strength and wisdom
No foe can make afraid.

Be near in time of sadness
To comfort and to cheer.
In time of joy and gladness,
Blest Spirit, still be near.
O Comforter in sorrow,
Enlightener of the blind,
From thee all grace we borrow;
In thee all joy we find.

—Churchman.

A LESSON IN STEWARDSHIP.

There have been the usual Christmas festivals in the past holiday season, and the young people all over the land have been made happy with gifts, and have given their share of pleasure to large audiences by recitations and songs appropriate to the occasion. A multitude of speeches, good and indifferent, have been made, and now the performances are ended till another year rolls around.

I have been present at my share of these entertainments, and have not failed to receive with gratitude the gifts which were prepared for the speakers as well as the children. At one of these festivities a feature was introduced which was so novel and so worthy of commendation and imitation that I am constrained to record it for the benefit of the multitudes who read this article. After the usual programme of songs, carols, speeches and addresses had been completed, and before the gifts were given to the children, the pastor said that while it was blessed to receive, it was yet more blessed to give, and that the school had to-night a gift to make to the cause of Christian benevolence. The gift was worthy of the school, but the way in which it had been provided was novel, and was a fit example of successful stewardship.

Early in the year the pastor went to the bank and procured a roll of new cents. He went through the school on the next Sunday, and gave each one present one bright cent. He explained the parable of the talents, and asked all who had received a cent to use it during the year in such a way as to increase the amount. At the end of the year each person was to make a report of the result and hand in the amount gained or the original cent, to be given to purposes of benevolence.

The report was then read, and it was a very surprising and touching recital of work, self-denial, and I might say inventive genius, in the department of financial transactions for sacred ends. One account read somewhat as follows:

I took my cent and bought woolen yarn. With this I knitted a pair of garters, which I sold for ten cents. With the ten cents that I earned I bought two pieces of perforated cardboard and a piece of ribbon, with which I made two bookmarks, which I sold for fifty cents. The fifty cents I invested in white and colored twine, with which I made three ties, which I sold for fifty cents each, and am able to hand in \$1.50.

Another wrote: I bought colored paper and made a bouquet of colored flowers, which I sold for five cents. I took the five cents and bought more colored paper, made more flowers, and had twenty-five cents as the result. Then I bought a small square of silk and some thread, and worked a little tablecloth, which I sold for half of a dollar; this is my gift.

Yet another wrote: I sold my bright cent for two dirty ones. With these I bought tissue paper and made lamp-lighters, which I sold for ten cents. I took the ten cents and bought ice-cream in summer, and sold to my companions for twenty-five cents; with the twenty-five cents I purchased some cheese-cloth and embroidered four pieces in pretty patterns, making mats, which I sold for a quarter of a dollar. With the dollar thus gained I bought some cardboard and painted two pretty mottoes, which I had framed, and sold for a dollar and a half each. With these three dollars I bought books, which I sold for five dollars, and then I made some more mottoes and got more books to sell, and I am able to give \$10.00 to-night. This was a remarkable return, indeed, from the capital!

One little fellow bought a cent's worth of radish-seed, and the result was twenty-five cents.

A little girl bought a remnant of cloth and offered to wipe dishes in the pantry and earned ten cents with her towel.

Two little fellows went into partnership with their father, who put in a cent; from this three cents there came out a dollar and a quarter profit, which was credited in three equal parts to each of the partners.

One little one, having earned enough by trading with her cent to buy a bottle of gum, some white paper and pictures, made a pretty album, which added a dollar to the fund.

Another bought molasses, and made candy, which operation, repeated often enough, enabled him to give thirty cents.

One cent was invested in old postage stamps, which were exchanged and sold, the money reinvested, and another sale made, and twenty-five cents rewarded his industry and invention.

Some sealing-wax and chicken-bones and bits of cloth enabled another to make pen-wipers, which netted him enough to contribute handsomely.

Another child cut stories out of old papers, bought some colored paper, and made little story-books, which retailed to the eager buyers at a large price, while

others invested in a lemon, and did business in lemonade.

Of the whole two hundred only five or six returned the cent without any addition; and they had not kept it wrapped in a napkin, but had tried to make it increase and failed. The total amount returned with the records of investment was more than \$60.00.—N. Y. Observer.

GRANT'S DES MOINES SPEECH.

"Comrades: It always affords me much gratification to meet my old comrades in arms of ten to fourteen years ago, and to live over again in memory the trials and hardships of those days, hardships imposed for the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions. We believed then and believe now that we had a government worth fighting for, and, if need be, dying for. How many of our comrades of those days paid the latter price for our preserved union! Let their heroism and sacrifices be ever green in our memory. Let not the result of their sacrifices be destroyed. The union and the free institutions for which they fell should be held more dear for their sacrifices. We will not deny to any of those who fought against us any privileges under the government which we claim for ourselves. On the contrary, we welcome all such who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places, and to perpetuate our institutions against all enemies, as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage. But we are not prepared to apologize for the part we took in the war. It is to be hoped such trials will never again befall our country. In this sentiment no class of people can more heartily join than the soldier who submitted to the dangers, trials and hardships of the camp and battle-field, on which ever side he may have fought. No class of people are more interested in guarding against a recurrence of those days. Let us then begin by guarding against every enemy threatening the perpetuity of our free republican institutions. I do not bring into this assemblage politics, certainly not partisan politics, but it is a fair subject for soldiers in their deliberations to consider what may be necessary to secure the prize for which they battled.

"In a republic like ours, where the citizen is the sovereign and the official the servant, where no power is exercised except by the will of the people, it is important that the sovereign—the people—should possess intelligence. The free school is the promoter of that intelligence which is to preserve us as a free nation. If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but between patriotism and intelligence on the one side and superstition, ambition and ignorance on the other. Now, in this centennial year of our existence, I believe it a good time to begin the work of strengthening the foundation of the house commenced by our patriotic fathers one hundred years ago at Concord and Lexington. Let us all labor to add all needful guarantees for the more perfect security of free thought, free speech and free press; pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color or religion. Encourage free schools and resolve that not one dollar of money appropriated to their support, no matter how raised, shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian school. Resolve that neither the State nor the nation, nor both combined, shall support institutions of learning other than those sufficient to afford every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good common-school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan or atheistical tenets. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church and the private school, supported entirely by private contribution. Keep the Church and State forever separate. With these safeguards, I believe the battle which created 'The Army of the Tennessee' will not have been fought in vain."

This is the famous speech entire. It will stand for its own defense.

A celebrated and successful Indian captain was asked what plan he adopted when fighting the red-skins. He replied: "I have a very excellent one always, and always mean to follow it, but the red-skins disconcert it, and I have just to let the boys loose on them, with the advice not to miss when they fire." So it is with myself. I have an exalted idea of the way in which a sermon should be prepared, and I intend to do my best in that line; but circumstances are changing constantly; time cannot always be found for close study, and one's battle must be decided on the inspiration of the moment. My rule is to move like the old captain, and if I can only succeed in hitting somebody or something, I am happy, even though critics may be shocked, and the old rifle recoil a little more violently than is pleasant.—Lorimer

HOUSES OF ALL AGES.—An interesting feature of the Paris Exhibition will be a group of forty-nine structures, intended to give a history of the human dwelling. The different types of shelters represented will include those of the prehistoric period—under rocks, in caves, on water and on land; and, from later times, those of early historic civilization, of Aryan civilization, of Roman civilization in the East and in the West, and of rude civilizations disconnected from the general progress of humanity—the Chinese, Japanese, Esquimaux, African, Aztec, etc. The interiors, the costumes of the occupants, and the surroundings will be those of the different epochs studied.

THE DECLINE OF THE SCOTCH.

The most remorseless force in modern civilization is the power of a great city to obliterate the national characteristics of a people. London, with its fashions and follies, for example, has obliterated Scotland, as England before the rise of the modern London never did, and the Scotch, as a people, have almost ceased to exist. There is a sort of national tragedy in this change that is pathetically pointed out in the *Forum* by Professor John Stuart Blackie of the University of Edinburgh, who is one of the most stalwart of living Scotch scholars and writers. He writes:

"I am sorry to state my conviction, founded on pretty large intercourse with my countrymen, that the spirit of national self-esteem, for which they have been noted, is suffering under a sensible decline. The causes of this lamentable process of self-obliteration are easy to name. The powerful central attraction of the huge metropolis, to which by the Union we are attached; the Anglicanization of our nobility and upper ten thousand by the pomp of London residence and the glittering seductions of London life; the spread of Episcopacy among the same classes, not so much always from religious conviction as from the double bribe which it offers of aristocratic connection and aesthetic luxury; and, more than all, the neglect of her middle schools by Scotland, which has caused the upper classes to send their hopeful progeny to Harrow and Oxford, where, if the education is not more solid, it has both a greater reputation and a higher reward; all these causes combine to gnaw at the roots of a truly national culture in Scotland, and to render the production of men of a distinctly Scottish type, such as Walter Scott, Lord Cockburn and Dr. Guthrie, more and more difficult every day. To all this must be added the complete neglect of all patriotic traditions and national furnishing in the principal schools and universities. In the University of Edinburgh not a single professor of history exists; in the best schools, as in the fashionable saloons, it is rare to hear a good Scotch song sung; the rich store of wit and wisdom contained in the melodious stores of the Scottish people, and ennobled by the names of Burns and Scott and Tannahill and Bannantine, and such noble ladies as Mrs. Cockburn of Fairlie, Joanna Baillie and the Baroness Nairne, are flung aside in favor of the latest London, French or German novelty, which may tickle the itching ear, strain the ambitious throat, and coddle the sickly sentiment of the singer, but which are utterly destitute of power to warm the blood, brace the nerve, and form the character of a patriotic Scotchman. So much easier is it to juggle a people out of its proudest heritage by the enervating seductions of a pseudo-civilization than to spoil them of it by the rude arts of conquest and oppression; and thus it may come about in another generation or two that the Union of 1707 shall have achieved what the embattled ranks of the Plantagenets at Stirling and Bannockburn tried in vain—the absorption of little Scotland into big England, as Samnium was swallowed up by Rome."

RULES FOR READING HOLY SCRIPTURES.

These rules are part of a sermon preached in the parish church of Broad Clyst, in Devonshire, by the Rev. Prebendary Acland, the vicar, on the "Duty of Searching the Scriptures."

1. In reading Holy Scripture keep steadily before you its great purpose of teaching you the will of God and the way of salvation through Jesus Christ.

2. Let its beautiful histories, and the many interesting questions which arise out of it, serve (as they are doubtless intended) to engage your attention, and to help you to look to God's dealings with man in many different points of view; but never read or search into them in a mere spirit of curiosity, or let them distract you from its one great purpose.

3. Read it reverently; remembering that God caused the books to be written as they were, and to come down to us as we have them; and that he is speaking to you through them.

4. Read it thankfully; blessing God who has caused it to be written for your learning; and often reflecting how sadly in the dark we should have been without its guiding light, and what blessed hope you have through it, which without it, you would not have had.

5. Read it prayerfully. It is well to offer a short prayer before reading; but I mean as to the whole spirit of your reading, read with the wish and with the expectation that the voice of God in Holy Scripture may speak to your heart and conscience, and that you may be better for reading that portion which is before you.

6. Read it humbly; remembering that a book which God has caused to be written by men gifted with his Holy Spirit for that purpose, must be, very much of it, far above us; that we must be content to wait till God shall give us more light; and that meanwhile he will enable us to all that is good and needful for us to know.—The Gleanings.

HOW TO IMPROVE PRAYER-MEETINGS.

1. Think about it all day, and anticipate it with pleasure.
2. Be sure to be in time, if at all possible, and take your seat close up to the platform.
3. Sing cheerfully; bright, joyous singing wonderfully helps to make a lively prayer-meeting.
4. If the meeting is left open for any

brother to pray, rise quickly and testify how highly you value your privilege of joining in the prayers of the church.

5. When you rise to pray be sure to be brief, burning, and believing.

6. When you pray be thankful to God for every token of blessing he has given the church and Sunday-schools.

7. When the meeting closes give a hearty shake of the hand to the stranger, and speak a kindly word to your brethren. Try and make the prayer-meeting as much like a family gathering as possible.

8. When you mention the prayer-meeting during the week, tell how good and pleasant you found it to be.

9. If it does not improve the prayer-meeting, then be more earnest in private prayer on behalf of the church, and resolve whoever else may be absent you will not forsake the opportunity of assembling yourself together with brethren, in earnest waiting on God, until he is pleased to command the blessing. At any rate, resolve if the prayer-meeting be not a healthy state, it shall not be your fault.—British Workman.

BREVITIES.

New York city has 355 churches and 10,000 saloons.

The Congress of Spanish Catholics will be held next April in Madrid.—The Pilot.

The authorities of Vanderbilt University are considering the propriety of admitting women.

Oliver Ditson, the world-famous music publisher and composer, died at Boston yesterday.

Bakers in Chicago are now required by law to stamp the weight and their names on every loaf of bread.

Rev. H. C. Du Bose says if we could put a thousand missionaries into Japan immediately we should see "a nation born in a day."

A chair of temperance will be endowed by the Catholic Total Abstinence Societies in the Catholic University at Washington, D. C.

A new wharf at Newport Harbor, Los Angeles county, is finished. It is 1,200 feet long, and the largest steamers can load and discharge freight with ease and safety.

Of forty-eight American colleges, the average yearly expenses of Harvard, at \$700, are the highest, and those of the University of Tennessee, at \$175, the lowest.

In Massachusetts the law demands that all saloons holding a license of the first, second or third class shall close on Labor day, Thanksgiving, Fast day and Christmas.

A church for deaf-mutes has just been consecrated at Philadelphia. It is the only one of the kind in America, and the only one in the world entirely managed by the deaf.

Harvard College has had among its alumni three Presidents of the United States, two Vice-Presidents, eighteen Cabinet officers, three Speakers of the House of Representatives and four Supreme Court Judges.

Philadelphia has a large training school for colored teachers, and its head is Miss Fanny J. Coffin, one of the most notable colored women in the country. She is a graduate of the Rhode Island State Normal School and Oberlin College, and has taught since 1865.

A Nebraska man has settled the question of how prairie dogs obtain the water they drink. He says they dig their own wells, each village having one with a concealed opening. He knows of one such well 200 feet deep, having a circular staircase leading down to the water.

In making his wife his Private Secretary Senator Reagan of Texas has displayed a wholesale attempt for precedent and a thrifty spirit worthy of all praise. As the salary attached to the position is \$6 a day, Mrs. Reagan is enabled to make a little pin money without much effort.

The Cherokees have in operation 100 common schools, with an aggregate attendance of 4,049 pupils and an average of 2,486; a high school for boys, with an aggregate of 211 and an average of 156 students; a female seminary, nearing completion, with a capacity for 165 students; an orphan asylum containing 145 children.

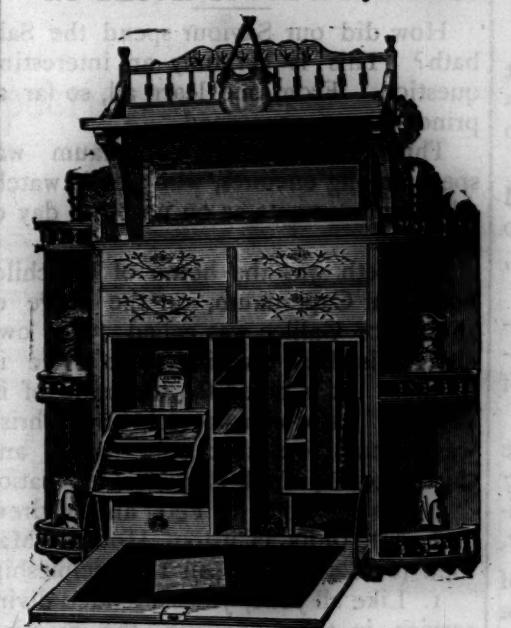
Some of the good women of Hartford, Conn., have organized a dressmaking and arithmetic school for young women who want to learn a trade, and, also, how to take care of their accounts and the like. Commercial arithmetic will be taught, and a skillful instructor will give thirteen lessons of two hours each in dressmaking.

Georgia is agitated by the text-book question, too. The Georgia Senate has just passed a bill providing that in the selection of text-books for the public schools preference shall be given to Southern books, and that, if it is absolutely necessary to purchase any Northern books, the School Commission shall see that they contain nothing of a sectional nature.

GOODLY PEARLS.—A skeptic who was trying to confuse a Christian colored man by the contradictory passages in the Bible, asking how it could be that we were in the Spirit, and the Spirit in us, received the reply, "Oh, dar's no puzzle 'bout dat. It's like dat poker; I puts it in de fire and it gets red-hot—now de poker's in de fire, and de fire's in de poker." A profound theologian could not have made a better reply.

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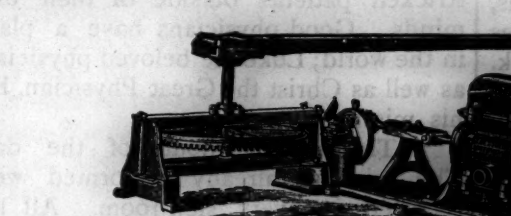
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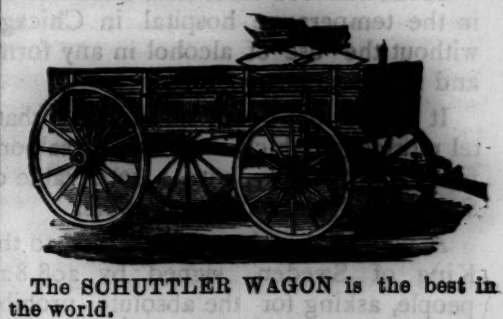
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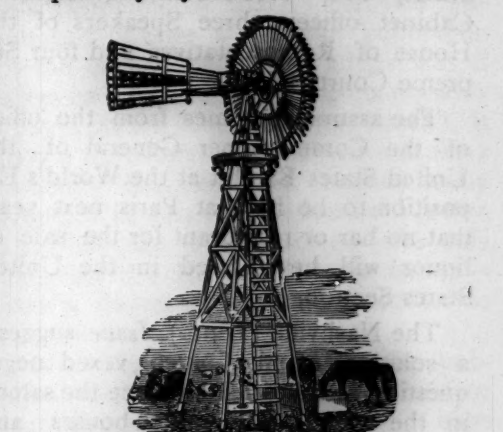
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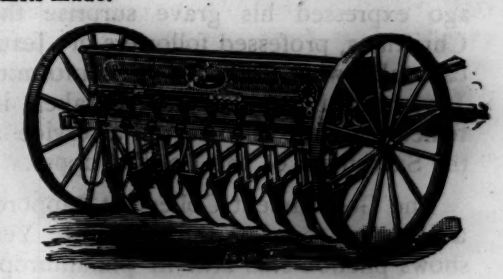
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NEWS ITEMS.

The Topeka Capitol claims that Kansas has saved not less than \$12,000,000 since her Prohibition law went into effect.

Seven hundred cases have been treated in the temperance hospital in Chicago without the use of alcohol in any form, and no death has occurred.

It is said that nearly all of 4,710 chattel mortgages which are held on saloon-furniture in this city, with a total value of \$4,959,578, are held by brewers.

A petition has been presented to the King of Sweden, signed by 208,827 people, asking for the absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic in that country.

Four thousand laboring women of East London have set a noble example to all women on the earth, by pledging themselves "to make men feel with horror the terrible sin of impurity."

The Rev. Mead Holmes, of Rockford, Ill., the member of the council whose vote determined the present no license status of the city, has been threatened with violence by the White Caps.

Harvard College has had among its alumni three Presidents of the United States, two Vice-Presidents, eighteen Cabinet officers, three Speakers of the House of Representatives and four Supreme Court Judges.

The assurance comes from the office of the Commissioner General of the United States Exhibit at the World's Exposition to be held at Paris next year, that no bar or restaurant for the sale of liquor will be allowed in the United States Section.

The Nashville (Tenn.) Issue suggests a solution of the much vexed negro question as follows: "Displace the saloon in the South with school-houses and churches, and the negro will eventually become an element of substantial safety and strength."

A prominent Jewish rabbi not long ago expressed his grave surprise that Christians, professed followers of Jesus, can take what Jesus, as a conforming Jew, could not possibly have taken, intoxicating wine at so sacred a service as the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

The Government College at Sapporo, a Japanese town on the island of Yezo shows phenomenal zeal in philanthropic enterprises. Through its influence a Christian Church has been organized, a fine church building erected without the aid of a foreign mission, and a total abstinence society formed which has grown in a few months to have five hundred members, and now publishes a monthly paper.

A determined effort will be made by friends of the bill, now pending in Congress, indemnifying the States of California, Oregon and Nevada for expenses incurred by them in defending the frontier by State troops toward the close of the war, upon the withdrawal of the regular troops to the seat of war, to obtain final action before the adjournment of Congress.

A steel-pointed iron projectile, weighing 250 pounds, was fired from one of the new steel breech-loading rifled guns of the new cruiser Chicago yesterday, at the Naval Academy grounds at Annapolis, which penetrated a steel target ten inches thick and cut through a solid oak back. The experiment is considered as likely to have an important bearing on modern naval warfare.

The process of whitening sugar was discovered in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar-house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted and the result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar.

The Castle of Chillon, immortalized in Byron's poem, is again the scene of oppression. A Miss Sterling, captain in the Salvation Army, has been sentenced to a hundred days' imprisonment in the old Castle because she was the means of the conversion of a little girl. The English Government has taken the case in hand and made representations to the Government of the Swiss Canton.

It is by no means improbable that paper will yet supersede cotton and woolen cloth as the clothing material of the people. One establishment in the West is already doing an extensive business in the manufacture of paper clothing, and the fabric is said to be equal to that of any other class of goods in style and durability. For blankets, piano-covers and similar purposes, the paper fabrics are an established success. They are light and serviceable.

By invitation of Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago, a mothers' meeting was held at her elegant home, Dec. 12th, in the interest of the Anchorage Mission of the W. C. T. U. Mrs. Mary H. Hull spoke very effectively upon the subject of social purity. Many ladies of high social standing expressed the warmest sympathy with the work of maintaining an equal standard of purity for men and women, and acknowledged the importance of teaching the youth upon this subject. Generous donations for the needs of the Mission were made by Mrs. Palmer and others. Tea was served, followed by an informal conversation upon various phases of the work.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, JAN. 13, 1889—MARK 1: 21-34.

BY REV. H. E. JEWETT.

A SABBATH IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

How did our Saviour spend the Sabbath? This is certainly an interesting question. From one learn all, so far as principles are concerned.

This Sabbath in Capernaum was spent among enemies, who closely watched his movements as on no other day of the week.

Nazareth was the home of his childhood, but Capernaum, on the shore of the sea of Galilee was called "His own city." His chief dwelling place while in Galilee. It is noted for the pride of its people. Its doom, foretold by Christ, was so complete that only thorns and thistles to-day mark its probable location.

It was the home of Peter and Andrew, and while in its "Custom House" Matthew (or Levi) was called to discipleship. 1. Like all Jews, Jesus attended divine service in the synagogue, the meeting-house or church-building of the town (V. 21).

2. He availed himself of the opportunity, always presented in a synagogue, of speaking to the people. He taught. He read from the Old Testament. (Luke iv: 16, 22).

3. He made a profound impression upon his audience (V. 22). The Scribes were regarded as the successors of the Prophets in interpreting the law of God. They magnified their office. They treasured up the traditions of the elders. They argued with scholars. On the other hand, Christ, going about among the people, set aside traditions and spoke with the directness and sincerity of one who has a message from God. He showed a familiarity with the Old Testament far exceeding theirs. His words attract and convince those who are unprejudiced. They attract, they arouse the opposition of all others. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden." Woe unto you Scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites!

4. He cast out demons. (Vs. 23-26). "A man with an unclean spirit." The devil, says one, places his whole joy in possessing a soul with uncleanness. Holiness, he adds, has such a prevailing power that it forces even those who are at the greater distance from it to bear witness of it. It makes even the devil himself sensible of it. "The Holy One of God." Yes, but "devils believe and tremble." "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." To this confession Jesus answered, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jonah; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven."

5. Christ's power over demons profoundly impressed his audience. Blessed power wisely and lovingly used! They all saw and felt it. They were moved by it, and prepared to receive Him. As we read of Christ's miracles, we should be moved to accept Him as divine and love Him as supremely good. All His miracles were divine acts of mercy.

6. Christ in the sick room. (Vs. 29-31). He is the sympathetic friend and the divine physician.

After leaving the synagogue he went to the house of Peter and Andrew for rest and refreshment. It was a sad home, but Jesus brought into it joy and gladness. Disease is still in the world. We should secure aid for the fever-stricken patients outside of their own minds. Good physicians have a place in the world; Luke the beloved physician, as well as Christ the Great Physician, has his mission.

7. The closing hours of the day. The miracles already performed were reported in every sick-room. All the invalids in town and all possessed with evil spirits were brought to the Great Physician. With healing of the body he gave spiritual blessing. For once, perhaps, there were no sick ones in Capernaum. It was a Sabbath long remembered.

8. What is the Sabbath? A memorial day. (1) of God's rest. "Six days of work and one of rest conform the life of man to the method of God's creation." (2) Of God's delivering the Israelites from Egyptian bondage. "Thou shalt remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and the Lord thy God brought thee out hence by a mighty hand and stretched out arm: therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day." (Deut. v: 15.) (3) In this lesson we find Christ's idea to be "No Sabbath in holy things." In other words, in worldly things it is a privilege and blessing to rest on the Sabbath. In spiritual things a privilege and blessing to work. "The repose of God does not exclude work." (4) The Christian Sabbath a memorial of Christ's completed work—his resurrection. Nowhere in the Epistles do we find Apostles reproving the early Christians for neglecting or breaking the observance of the seventh day. Col. ii: 16 is direct authority for freeing Gentile Christians from the obligations of the seventh day. The usage of the Apostles and of the early church points clearly to the observance of the Lord's day as the Christian Sabbath, a day made for man, not man for the Sabbath. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy" is the divine command. Our lesson shows how our Saviour honored and hallowed it.

DIED.

ENGLIS.—At the residence of Mr. Robert Walsh, Ocean View, San Francisco, December 16th, Mrs. Ellen Engle, aged 70 years.

A TRIP SOUTH.

DEAR PACIFIC: In a trip through three of the Southern counties I have had the pleasure of meeting some of our good Congregational ministers. A few lines concerning them and their work might be acceptable to your readers. At San Miguel I met our old-time friend Rev. E. B. Tuthill, some years ago at Martinez. He is doing brave pioneer work, and is already rewarded by having a very warm place in the hearts of the people and a very neat church edifice in a good location in the town.

At Santa Barbara I did not have an opportunity to see our good brother, Rev. Weitzel, but was glad to hear good accounts of his work and church there.

In San Buenaventura I saw our friend Rev. T. D. Murphy, who had but recently returned from a needed vacation for rest. His work is spoken kindly of, and he has the sympathy and love of a large number of people. In San Buenaventura I had the pleasure of meeting Rev. Bristol, who lives near there, and is one of the historic characters of that section. He is still vigorous, active and earnest in reform and Christian work.

In my trip to Nordhoff in the far-famed Ojai valley, one of the first persons I saw was Rev. C. S. Valle, now pastor of our church in that lovely valley; and, as upon previous occasions, when I have met him in other places, so now, he was willing, in very kindly manner, to give me assistance in the work in which I was engaged. He is just having finished a very comfortable and commodious residence, and, it is hoped will live long to labor in that lovely place.

San Miguel, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura and the Ojai valley all have merits, beauties and advantages peculiarly their own; but the Ojai valley must have a few special words. It is 1,000 feet above the sea level, and in one of nature's choicest spots. The ride to it is up through a very romantic valley, and its location and surroundings paradisaic. Its climate is such that as soon as it is sufficiently known through the world, health-seekers in multitudes will come for its benefits, which, it is believed, in most cases will much improve the health, and in many others practically cure even where death had already appeared to be close at hand.

Lack of time does not permit further expatiation on the beauties of the places named, and the good work of our brethren in the ministry in these highly favored spots.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

TOPICS SUGGESTED FOR THE WEEK OF PRAYER, JANUARY 6TH-13TH, 1889.

Sunday, January 6th.—Sermons: Isaiah lx: 1; Romans xiii: 14; John xv: 5; Philippians iv: 13.

Monday, January 7th.—Thanksgiving and Confession: Thanksgiving: I Thessalonians v: 18; Psalm c; Nehemiah xii: 43. Confession: Hosea xiv: 1, 2; I John i: 8, 9; Psalm xxxii: 1-5; II Samuel xii: 13.

Tuesday, January 8th.—The Holy Spirit: Offices: John xvi: 7-15; Joel ii: 28. Gifts: I Corinthians xii: 7-11. Fruits: Galatians v: 22, 23. Example: Acts x: 1-6; Luke xxiv: 49; Acts i: 14; ii: 1-4.

Wednesday, January 9th.—The Family and the Church: Deuteronomy vi: 1-7; Ephesians vi: 1-9; II Timothy i: 5.

Thursday, January 10th.—Reforms: For the abolition of the manufacture, importation, sale and use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage; for the destruction of the opium traffic; for the repeal of all laws which protect vice; for the sanctification of the Lord's day; for social purity, and all other needed reforms. Proverbs xxiii: 29-32; Romans iii: 8; Habakkuk ii: 15, and ii: 12; Luke i: 15; Exodus xx: 8-11; Nehemiah xiii: 15-22; Exodus x: 14; Matthew v: 28; I Corinthians xii: 16, 17.

Friday, January 11th.—Missions: City: Luke xxi: 41. Home: Mark i: 38, 39. Foreign: Matthew xxviii: 19.

Saturday, January 12th.—Nations: For peace and prosperity, temporal and spiritual. Psalm lxxvii; Romans xiii: 1-7; I Peter ii: 13-15; James v: 4; Col. iv: 1.

Sunday, January 13th.—Sermons: I Corinthians iii: 9; I Corinthians xv: 58.

D. L. MOODY.

Mr. D. L. Moody will begin his evangelistic work in this city next Sabbath, January 6th, at the Mechanics' Pavilion. The first service will be held at 9:30 A. M.; the second service at 3 P. M.; and in the evening at 7:30. Services will be free to all. Singing by a large chorus of trained voices. Mr. George C. Stebbins of Brooklyn, N. Y., will sing several solos.

Forefathers' Day has been celebrated in the large cities and towns of our country, and many good addresses have been made. It is well to keep the principles that moved the pilgrims in memory and teach them to our children. Every church should gather on the evening of this day, and by addresses and suitable exercises keep in memory the past, and instruct the young in the foundation principles of our Congregational churches. Those principles are of as much value to a church and to mankind now as they were to the first church planted in America.

A new monthly paper, *The Banner of Asia*, is to be published at Bombay, beginning in January. One of its first objects will be to urge the immediate stoppage of the government traffic in vice, liquor and opium, in the British territory of the East.

Publishers' Department

Entered at the Postoffice at San Francisco as second-class matter.

THE PACIFIC CLUBBING LIST.

We will send the PACIFIC one year (price \$2.50 a year) to any new subscriber, or to any old subscriber renewing in advance, with any of the following publications, for the price named in the second column. The price in the first column is that of the publication named alone. Each column includes prepaid postage. After the receipt of the first copy of any publication, complaints, if necessary, should be sent to the office where it is printed.

American Agriculturist	\$1.50	\$3.50
Harper's Weekly	4.00	5.75
"Magazine	4.00	5.50
"Bazar	4.00	5.75
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The Century Magazine	4.00	6.00
St. Nicholas	3.00	5.00
Wide Awake	2.50	4.50
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Demorest's Monthly Magazine	2.00	4.00
Godey's Lady's Book	2.00	4.00
Overland	4.00	5.50
Public Opinion	8.00	4.50

If the *Atlantic Monthly* continues throughout 1889 to give its readers as charming a variety of really good articles as appear in its January number, both editor and public are to be congratulated. "A Difficult Problem in Politics" by Frank Gaylord Cook, the problem being how to attain "uniform legislation" throughout the Union; "Studies of Factory Life" and "The American and the Mill" are interesting articles; Professor Shaler of Harvard University considers "The Athletic Problem in Education." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The January Century has an article on "Pagan Ireland," by Mr. Charles McKay; an illustrated article on "The West Point of the Confederacy"; "An American Apprentice System"; "Horses of the Plains"; "The Life of Administrative Exiles"; in "Topics of the Time" are discussed "Annexation, or Federation"; "Separate Municipal Elections," "Are We Just to Our Architects?" and "A Crisis in the Copyright Agitation."

I have not used all of one bottle yet. I suffered from catarrh for twelve years. I tried various remedies without benefit until last April, when I saw Ely's Cream Balm advertised in the Boston Budget. I procured a bottle, and since the first day's use the soreness is entirely gone.—D. G. Davidson, with the Boston Budget, formerly with the Boston Journal.

January HOME CIRCLE is now ready for distribution. It contains 10 or 12 pages of reading matter, besides a full market report and quotations for goods in nearly every line. Sent one year for \$1, or sample copy free. Address, HOME CIRCLE, Box 2633, S. F., Cal.

In the January St. Nicholas are published: "The Bells of St. Anne"; "The Routine of the Republic"; "The Distances in Space" in a bright way conveys to young readers some conception of a few of the stupendous distances dealt with by astronomers.

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JOHN C. HOLBROOK, Pres.

CUTTING DOWN.

At this season of the year every successful merchant overhauls his stock to find out the amount of his gains or losses, and learning where he is overstocked, tries to reduce it by reducing prices, forcing sales, even at a loss sometimes. [This has to be done, and we do it cheerfully.] We are offering Ladies' Vests, in sizes 30, 32 and 34 only, 44c each, worth fully 75c, and some \$1. Children's stockings, up to 7 or 8 inch, very fine quality, at 20c to 25c, worth double the money. Men's Cotton Half Hose at 50c a doz.; you would call them cheap at \$1.25; extra fine at \$60; good value at 50c; we have too many. Wool Half-Hose from 20c a pair up. Handkerchiefs for children at 20c and 25c per dozen; for ladies, 45c, 50c and 75c per dozen; with border and nice, fine embroidered at 10c, 15c and 25c that you would call cheap at twice the price. Silk handkerchiefs for boys or girls, men or women; white or figured, at 25c to \$1.25. In wall-paper we sell at 12 1/2c to 50c what would surprise you; new designs and good quality. A few nice Books for little children, sold at 25c before Christmas now at 15c. In the Fruit room we offer tons of French Prunes for 5c, for which we used to get 10c; peaches at 5c that brought 12c and 15c last year. Our January list is ready, and we will send it to you a whole year for \$1. Sample copies free. Ask for it if you have not had it lately.

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